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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Little Election

A NEW hope seems to have filled the Conservative Party following last week's "little general election," the by-elections held to fill vacancies in the seats of Argyll, Ealing South, Weston, St Helen's and Wigan. Party representation in these constituencies did not change, although there was considerable change in the pattern of voting compared with the General Election. Again the Conservatives lost heavily in four of the five electorates. But in one—St Helen's—they gained, reducing a Labour General Election majority from almost 16,000 votes to almost 12,000 votes.

Again, Liberal candidates polled well and in the Argyll seat, wrested second place from the Labour candidate even though the Liberal Party did not contest the seat in the last General Election. Commentators feel that although the Liberals did not manage to gain a seat as they did when Mr Mark Bonham Carter recently won Torrington, the Party have the satisfaction of having substantially increased their poll in the three constituencies they chose to contest.

Smaller Swing

AN interesting feature of the "little election," however, was that not only was the swing against the Government smaller than at previous by-elections, but for the first time voting showed that the Liberal intervention represented possibly as serious a threat to Labour as to the Government.

According to the right-wing Daily Telegraph political observers are reported to have said that if "any common pattern is discernible in the results it is encouraging to the Government," and again "support for the Government is clearly on the upgrade. Ministers are entitled to feel that the climb will become easier as the benefits of a rigorous economic and industry policy become more and more apparent to electors."

These comments will undoubtedly provoke resonant cheers from party supporters but others will regard them as rash and will prefer to wait until there are more substantial indications of a recovery in Government stocks.

Khrushchev In Control

Tough New Policy Towards West Expected

London, June 20. Authoritative Moscow dispatches reported Nikita Khrushchev's one-man rule was fully consolidated today after a secret meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee.

He's Still Without A Job

Paris, June 20. M. Jacques Soustelle, former Governor-General of Algeria, today sidetracked a question of what post he will eventually be given by Premier General Charles de Gaulle by replying: "The question of persons is not interesting, especially when the issue is myself."

Ban To Stay

Washington, June 20. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas today refused to lift a ban preventing the crew of the ketch Golden Rule from sailing into the Pacific nuclear testing area.—Reuters.

State Loan

Paris, June 20. M. Antoine Pinay, General de Gaulle's Finance Minister, reported to a cabinet meeting today that the state loan pegged to gold launched last Tuesday was even more successful than had been hoped.—Reuters.

Tunis, June 20. Tunisia and Morocco tonight announced their intention of pooling their diplomatic representation in certain countries and harmonizing their positions at world conferences.—Reuters.

HAMMARSKJOLD'S MID-EAST TOUR

To Visit Cairo For Talks

United Nations, June 20. United Nations Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjold, is to visit Cairo for discussions on the United Nations Emergency Force and other questions, it was announced here today in an official communique. The communique said that Hammarskjold would leave Beirut for Amman and Jerusalem tomorrow, and would return there



for final talks with the U.N. observer team on Monday and Tuesday. —France-Press.

ARMY GETS TOUGH IN LEBANON

Beirut, June 20. The Lebanese Army, incensed by the killing of two soldiers in west Beirut today, tonight ordered its men to flatten any house in which they found rebel snipers operating.

PENNEY FOR GENEVA CONFERENCE

London, June 20. The British Foreign Office announced today that it would send experts to the projected nuclear control conference at Geneva July 1.

The conference, initiated by President Eisenhower, will be the first East-West meeting on disarmament issues since the arms cut talks broke down last summer. The Geneva conference will be a "technical" meeting to determine the means and the scope of nuclear control. The Foreign Office said it has appointed as its chief representative Sir William Penney, and John Cockcroft, both among Britain's foremost nuclear experts and both members of the Atomic Energy Authority.—U.P.I.

A statement from the Ministry of Defence said that two houses from which snipers killed two soldiers early today had been destroyed with heavy weapons.

The statement added: "We have noted that some members of the security forces have recently been killed by snipers' bullets. We have therefore ordered security forces to use the appropriate weapons to silence these rebel snipers and to destroy the houses in which they hide."

OBSERVERS

Observers here interpreted this statement as a sign that the Army, after four weeks of containing the rebels in Beirut, had decided to take a much tougher line. The two houses destroyed today were near Beirut's "Prison of the Sands," between the town and the airport. They were destroyed after a clash between rebels and Army units, who used armoured cars and tanks. The Ministry of Defence also announced another battle at Zailbek, the ancient Roman "City of the Sun" in the Bekaa valley. The clash began this morning and lasted until noon.—Reuters.

STUDENTS STONE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

Bonn, June 20. Hungarian students threw stones and ink-wells through the windows of the Soviet Embassy here tonight in a demonstration protesting against the executions of Hungarian revolutionary leaders. Stem-faced German police charged with rubber batons and drove the estimated 400 students away from the Embassy building after the 20-minute flare-up. They arrested 19 of the students, setting off a second clash as the others demanded the release of their fellow-colleagues.

PORTRAITS

The Hungarian students, and some West German friends, collected here from Aachen, Hamburg, Hanover and other cities with placards, black-ribboned Hungarian flags and large portraits of revolutionary Premier Imre Nagy and General Fek Istvan. A 160-man police force, apparently forewarned of the demonstration, had taken up posts around the Soviet Embassy.

The students paraded around the closely-knit police lines waving placards with such slogans as "Soviet murderers—we do not forget the death of Imre Nagy and Fek Istvan." "The West negotiates—the Soviet murders." "Soviet guarantees—certain death!" and "Today the Soviets murder in Hungary—where tomorrow?"—U.P.I.

Information Money

Kuala Lumpur, June 20. The Malaysian Government paid a total of \$118,979 Straits for information leading to the capture or killing of Communist terrorists last month.—Reuters.

Rain At Last

Palma, June 20. A six-week heat wave over Bihar state, which has claimed the lives of 372 people was broken today with heavy rain.—Reuters.

Makarios Rejects Britain's 3-Nation Rule For Cyprus

Athens, June 20. Archbishop Makarios, exiled Greek-Cypriot leader, today rejected Britain's plan for three "nation partnership" rule in Cyprus.

He said the Cyprus problem was a matter between the British Government and the people of Cyprus and he was "always ready for bilateral talks...for a genuine democratic constitution of self-government."

Britain had invited Greece and Turkey to join her in an "adventure in partnership" in settling the future of Cyprus.

Replying Archbishop Makarios was replying to a letter from Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, about the new British plan. The Archbishop's reply continued: "We cannot consider the proposed plan as one that could be accepted...the idea of partnership which forms the basis of the plan and which in substance imposes a triple condominium on Cyprus is wholly unacceptable."

The reply also said: "We do not reject a transitional stage of self-government. The question of Cyprus, however, is a matter which concerns the British Government on the one side and the people of Cyprus on the other."

Delivered

The reply was delivered to the British Embassy here today after being analysed by the Embassy's Counsellors headed by the Archbishop, exiled leader of the Enosis ("Union with Greece") movement in Cyprus. Explaining his objections, Archbishop Makarios wrote the British plan "runs counter to the fundamental and inalienable right of the people of Cyprus to self-determination."

"The main provisions of this plan destroy the unity of the Cypriot people," they constitutionally sanction its division into two and unavoidably lead to antagonism and strife, thereby creating a focus of permanent unrest and a threat to peace in the whole area.—Reuters.

My Wedding Wasn't A Secret

London, June 21. Cantonese singer Lian-shin Yang denied today that her wedding to English actor, John Stone at a London registry office last February was intended to be secret.

She said: "It was a quiet wedding—but certainly not in secret."

But her mother Mrs Yang in Hongkong was one of the few people who knew the "secret". She sent Lian-shin a Chi Pao—a Chinese style wedding gown—for the ceremony at the Chelsea Registry Office.

LOTUS HEART

Lian-shin (It means lotus heart) spent a two-day honeymoon in Paris before returning to complete her part in the film "In Of The Sixth Happiness" starring the late Robert Donat and Ingrid Bergman. Her husband John is better known to English television as the dashing Major Mike Aspin of the "Destination Downing Street" series. He is now appearing in the new American play "Honour Bright."

Lian-shin who studied in London, in Paris and in Rome, and sings in five European languages as well as five Chinese dialects expects to film in Hongkong soon.

Said Lotus Heart of her new husband: "I have known him for years—and I love his 'Chinese modesty'."—Express.

IKE WONDERS ALOUD

Washington, June 20. President Eisenhower said an unscheduled visit to Mount Vernon today and wondered aloud if anyone ever questioned George Washington's integrity for accepting a gift sword.

Eisenhower stopped at Washington's home on the way back to the capital from a defence conference at Quantico, Vir-

ginia. In touring the colonial home, he called attention to a sword given to Washington by a German admiral, Theophilus Alte. "Do you suppose they investigated him (Washington) for getting that present?" Eisenhower said in a loud voice heard by nearby newsmen.—U.P.I.

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De Gaulle Under Fire In Algeria

Algiers, June 20. General Charles de Gaulle was sharply criticised at a stormy session of the Committee of Public Safety here tonight for his agreement with Tunis to withdraw 7,000 French troops from there. He also came under fire for his decision to bring the Socialist leader, M. Guy Mollet, with him on his next visit to Algiers in July. Last time M. Mollet, then Prime

Minister set foot in Algiers he was pelted with ripe tomatoes. General Raoul Salan, General de Gaulle's Delegate-General, who rarely attends meetings of the Committee was at tonight's three-hour session. It is understood he made a spirited defence of the French military agreement to withdraw troops from Tunis—leaving 16,000 in Bizerta. Some members of the Committee insisted that with-

drawals would make it easier for Algerian insurgent forces to use Tunis as an operational base. General Salan apparently assured the Committee—which regards itself as the guardian of the spirit of the May 13 rising—that guarantees to show hostility to him on his visit to Algeria. After a three-hour session the Committee adjourned the discussion on M. Mollet until tomorrow.—Reuters.

member of the "old political system."

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GILMAN MOTORS

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WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

FINAL TO-DAY



Opens To-morrow
GUY MADISON in "THE HARD MAN"

KING'S TO-MORROW
AT 11.00 A.M.
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
TECHNICOLOR-CARTOONS
At Reduced Admission

PRINCESS

SPECIAL WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.00 noon — 20th Century-Fox's
"The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit"

Starring
Gregory Peck — Jennifer Jones — Fredric March
in CinemaScope — Colour by Do Luxe

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Paramount presents
"POPEYE THE SAILOR"

Technicolor Cartoon Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox present
Danny Kaye — Gene Tierney — Corinne Calvet in
"ON THE RIVIERA"

Colour by Technicolor

Morning Show Admissions: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

Lee & Astor
72436 (Booking Office) 67777

SHOWING TO-DAY

SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE

WHEN WOMEN WENT TO WAR, SHE WAS THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL...

VIRGINIA MCKENNA
PAUL SCOFFED

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE At 12.00 Noon
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS from Fox

ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m.
CHINESE COLOUR CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m.
"BROKEN LANCE"

ROXY & BROADWAY

• SHOWING TO-DAY •
Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
The exploits of COMMANDER CRABB The Frogman
filmed in the depths of the Mediterranean!

ROXY & BROADWAY

• SHOWING TO-DAY •
Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
The exploits of COMMANDER CRABB The Frogman
filmed in the depths of the Mediterranean!

Laurence HARVEY · Dawn ADDAMS
John CLEMENTS · Michael CRAIG

Silent Enemy

Distributed by LION INTERNATIONAL FILMS
A 20th Century-Fox Release
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"THE SILENT ENEMY" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis in "MONEY FROM HOME"

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

FILMS Current and Coming

by Lucy Downing

COURAGE beyond the normal limits of human endurance and an energetic brand of bravery which has become almost a legend, are the themes of two true-life stories presented to film-goers this weekend.

In "Carve Her Name With Pride" appearing at the Lee and Astor, the story of the most moving kind is contained in the fully-authenticated story of Mrs. Violette Szabo, the first Englishwoman to be awarded the George Cross for her services during the war.

The bravery is found in "The Silent Enemy," thrilling film of the wartime exploits of Commander Lionel Crabb in the Mediterranean, who carried out a British one-man war with a British frogman. This fine action film is showing at the Roxy and Broadway. It will

appeal to all who love a hero and a handsome one too. The heroine of "Carve Her Name With Pride" was an ordinary young woman Violette Szabo, a Dixton shopgirl, who played convincingly with slight Cockney accent by Virginia McKenna. Her father (a working class Englishman played by Jack Warner) had married a Frenchwoman (Denise Grey) during the First World War.

Her daughter, a lively blonde girl and fine athlete, has two odd-oddities over the average English girl. She is a crack shot and speaks French fluently.

Her meeting in a London park with a charming French officer, Lieutenant Etienne Szabo, whom she takes home for "le quatorze juillet" celebrations to please her mother, and their delicately-blossoming romance, are the highlights of this gripping film. But tragedy follows swiftly. Within two years

Violette has lost her husband and in a widow with a baby daughter. At the Pension Bureau she is interviewed and asked if she would join a secret British organization designed to help French resistance. She knows she is risking her life, but she joins, training as a parachutist, learning judo, lethal tricks of the Commandos and how to use a Sten gun.

After intensive training and with a secret which almost estranges her parents, Violette is dropped by parachute with another British agent (Paul Schofield) into occupied France, where she contacts survivors of a Resistance group and passes on orders which result in the destruction of a viaduct. The mission completed, she has a brief shopping spell in Paris and returns to England with a Molotov cocktail and a very special dress for her little daughter.

The re-union in the Brixton home and tender moments with the uncomprehending child contrast strongly with the grim But trained agents are valuable and scarce and Violette returns to France. There is much to be done. Her work is again with the French Underground. This time, luck is against her. She gets caught in a battle with German troops, accounts for some of them single-handed, and is captured. In France goal she is subjected to humiliation and torture but refuses to reveal a certain secret code. A journey to the Ravensbrück firing squad is her pathetic end, save for the glorious spirit which has not been quenched.

King George VI received Violette's daughter in the dress from Paris at a postwar investiture at Buckingham Palace and handed her the George Cross, awarded posthumously to the first woman ever to receive it.

The film is a film to see and to remember.

TECHNICAL advice to ensure authenticity for

and on location in Gibraltar.

And Here's A Preview

EVERY time I get all steamed up with indignation about a bad or a disgusting film some one is sure to write to me and say:

"If you hated it all that much why did you give it so much publicity?"

Well, that is the basic dilemma of a critic. It is not my job to drive people into the cinemas to see a film which I think is good. Neither is it my job to keep them away from something which I think is appalling.

All you can expect from me is a good, downright, honest opinion, and whether, as a result, you queue at the box-office or stay home with the telly is up to you. This is still a free country, isn't it?

Anyway, here I go again this week giving a large amount of space to one of the most revolting pictures I have seen for years.

I do so because it opened with a splashy world premiere in the West End and Mr. J. Arthur Rank will soon be circulating it to other parts of Britain through his chain of cinemas. I wish he was not, but that is his business, not mine.

The formula
DRACULA is a horror film made by a shrewd Englishman named James Carreras who seems to have cornered the world market in successful cinematic nausea.

"We've found a formula for spine-chillers that never tires," says Mr. Carreras. "All the other boys in the horror business are busy beating their brains out trying to think of new monstrosities to frighten their customers—Things from outer space, Creatures from another world, Two-headed men and faceless women."

"And what happens? The more horrible they make them, the more the film fans yawn. That sort of thing doesn't make them shudder any longer."

But Carreras has found out what does. He builds his thrillers around ordinary people. "You make the villain of your story look just like the good-looking man, or the pretty girl, you might see on the Underground one evening," he says.

"You imagine you could trust him anywhere. Then suddenly, when you find yourself alone with him—what! he starts to do terrible, awful, ghastly things."

In "Dracula" a terrified girl in a nightgown pleads with a glib young man to help her. But the moment he puts a comforting arm around her and lets her sob on his shoulder she opens her mouth to reveal two white fangs which she plunges with a shriek of delight into his throat.

Another young girl, also in a nightgown, pretends to be a weak and sorrowful invalid. She has, in fact, slipped right out of her coffin, and what she is searching for is not sympathy but blood.

As for Count Dracula himself, he looks like a model for one of those Men of Distinction advertisements.

Then why am I revolted by this picture, if everyone looks so decent?

Because Mr. Carreras does not let them stay that way all the time. Every 10 minutes or so he makes them open their mouths and show their fangs and snarl. He smears their lips with copious daubs of blood.

Since they are all vampires—for this is a film version of Bram Stoker's old thriller about the blood-sucking Undead—he gives you a clinical view of the way to destroy them... and shows you Mr. Peter Cushing hammering a stake through their hearts.

He ends his film with the nastiest bit of all. Count Dracula, the Vampire-in-Chief, can only be wiped out by exposing him to the light of a cross and the bright light of day.

So Mr. Cushing puts a crucifix in front of him and lets the sun shine on him—and Dracula crumbles away, slowly, into putrescence before your eyes. After this film was over I came out into the clean world again, and saw Mr. Carreras waiting for me, looking jubilant. "This one will clean up," he said. "It opens on Broadway next week, and they'll love it. And do you know what we've got for them next? It's called 'Frankenstein's Return.'"

"It's all about a dwarf who rescues Frankenstein from the gallows and in return undergoes an operation. Frankenstein transfers the dwarf's brain to the cadaver of a handsome young man, and the dwarf has a whole of a time making love to all the girls. Then, suddenly, he starts to atrophy... I'll kill them!"

by Leonard Mosley

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

LEE & ASTOR: "Carve Her Name With Pride." A great film directed by Lewis Gilbert. Produced by Daniel M. Aron. Screenplay by Lewis Gilbert and Vernon Harris. Based on book by R. J. Minney. Photographed by John Wilcox. Music by William Alwyn. British Rank Film Distribution. Violette Szabo, Virginia McKenna; Tony Fraser, Paul Schofield; Violette's father, Jack Warner; her mother, Denise Grey; and others. True story, thus detailed roles given. Story of woman agent for British forces. She is at 19, war widow at 21, dead in German concentration camp at 23. Awarded George Cross. Made with restraint, showing individual roles away from mock heroics. Moving, inspiring, yet pitiful. A film that will remain in one's memory.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Silent Enemy." A fine film dedicated to the memory of Commander Lionel Crabb and frogmen of all nations who died beneath the sea during the last war. A story of gallant heroism in combating mysterious dangers in the green depths of the Mediterranean. Strongly cast headed by Laurence Harvey, Dawn Addams, John Clements and Michael Craig. Twentieth Century

production, written and directed by William Fairchild, in a sequel to a book by Marshall Pugh. STAR METROPOLE: "Day of the Badman." Quick trigger justice administered by Frontier Judge, Fred McMuray. A man of unwavering principles determines work, interest, Joan Weldon and sabotage by John Ericson. A film of suspense, impending doom, and violent action in colour and Cinemascope, made by Universal-International.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Underwater Warrior." An MGM epic of U.S. Navy frogmen and their operations during World War II. Thrilling close-ups of dangerous work, enemy shipping and planting of limpet bombs. Starring Dan Dailly and Claire Kelly.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Long Haul." A hard-driving drama of a teamsters' battle against mob control, featuring Victor Mature and British blonde Diana Dors. They are teamed in Columbia Pictures' film of gangsterism in the trucking industry, filmed in the North of England and Scotland, under the direction of Ken Hughes. Although thrills are claimed to be non-stop, there is sufficient time for romantic dalliance and thrills of another sort.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick." Gary Cooper, Diane Vard and Suzy Parker acting in John O'Hara's best-selling story about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate, and in his family's diverse problems. 20th Century Fox film directed by Philip Dunne and produced by Charles Brackett.

METROPOLE & STAR: "Time Lock." An exciting story about a small boy inadvertently locked inside a bank vault. The time lock has been set for Monday morning. Written from a true incident in Canada by Arthur Hailey, master of suspense. Starring Robert Beatty, Lee Patterson, Betty McDowell and Vincent Winter (The Boy). A Beaumont Newhall production presented by Rank.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Safe Cracker." Adventures of a scoundrel who could crack safe or a woman's heart. Starring Ray Milland and Barry Jones. A David E. Ross production released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on an action-thriller by Lt Col Rhys Davies and Bruce Thomas.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Green-eyed Blonde." The venue is a luncheon for war-weary teen-age girls. Susan Oliver in the title role, escapes near to the end of her detention period, and with a boy friend steals a car. Described as a story of a "teen-age fire bomb set to explode."

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Hard Man." One-man war against Western gunslungers. Ex-Texas Ranger becomes deputy sheriff. Guy Madison with Valerie French in Columbia film. Technicolor extra described as a powerful outdoor adventure novel by Leo Katcher, directed by George Sherman.

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC AIR CONDITIONED

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CATTLE EMPIRE

JOEL MC GREA

To-morrow: "NAKED EARTH"

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 "CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT"

Fraulein

To-morrow: "ADVENTURES OF A TRAMP"

SHOWING QUEEN'S TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

"Little Darling"

Starring
TING HOU · LIU CHUN

MANDARIN PRODUCTION

TO-MORROW: 5 SHOWS
Extra Performance of
"LITTLE DARLING" AT 11.30 A.M.

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HE TURNED KILLER...
for one day!

FRED MacMURRAY
JOAN WELDON
JOHN ERICSON

DAY OF THE BADMAN

ROBERT MIDDLETON · MARIE WINDSOR
EDGAR BUCHANAN · EDUARD FRANZ · SKIP HOMEIER

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX M. C. M.

Latest Technicolor Cartoons Programme

AT METROPOLE FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS!

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.

Tyrone POWER • Kim NOVAK in
"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

In CinemaScope & Color

FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS!

HOOVER · LIBERTY

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DAREDEVILS OF THE DEEP!
Thrilling exploits of the Underwater Demolition Team, up to now one of our country's most carefully guarded secrets!

UNDERWATER WARRIOR

DAN DAILEY · JAMES GREGORY
CLAIRE KELLY

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon
Marlon Brando
Gavin Ford in
"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Esther Williams
Howard Keel in
"JUPITER'S DARLING"

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BROTHERS BOY... THE MAN
WHOSE LAST NAME WAS
"BOY"

JUNE ALIXON
DAVID RIVER
MY MAN
BOBBY

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.30 A.M.
VICTOR BARRA

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

SHORT
CUT
TO
HELL

TO-MORROW
FRANK SINATRA
MIMI GAYNOR in
"THE JOKER IS WILD"

Black Magic Among The Skyscrapers

By **HENRY MACLENNON**

It is more or less a traditional procedure on the island to kidnap a girl and it is usually condoned on all sides providing

Once this arranged kidnapping gets underway the parents go into the "outraged" net hurling insults at one another to prove they are not just trying to save face.

Usually the mother of the girl accuses the boy of brutally abducting her darling daughter for a shady purpose and says he has ruined her life for ever

RESTAURANT NIGHTCLUB

3 GRAND FLOOR SHOWS TO-NIGHT

**DE YONG
&
DELYSIA**

THE ATIENZA SISTERS
Sensational Juggling &
Acrobatic Dancers

CANDY LEE
Inter-Continental Flesh
Bomb



SPECIAL TIME: DANCE MUSIC 10 p.m. — 2 a.m.
Floor Shows: 10.45 p.m. 12 mid-night 1.20 a.m.
Music by Colso L. Carrillo & His Quintet Moderno
 Princess Theatre Bldg., Nathan Rd., Kowloon. Tel. 64603, 63274.

THE TASMANIAN SENSATION STAGE & T.V. STAR



3 Shows Nightly:
10.00 p.m. 11.15 p.m. 1.15 a.m.

2nd Floor Manton House, Kowloon
Phone: 65655, 65716

Milan.
SEVERAL thousand
snails on their way
to a Swiss restaurant
escaped from a railway
freight car near here
last week.

The train with a freight car full of boxes of snails stopped at a small station outside Milan and the snails crawled out of their air-holes leaving a thick slime behind them which put railway workers on to their tracks. Only half of the consignment was recovered.—U.P.I.

They Just Looked And Laughed!

LINGA Schmidt will return to Germany, her dream of British chivalry shattered.

Inga, 22, was a damsel in distress last week and the "chivalrous" Englishmen who saw her, just looked, and laughed.

For more than an hour, Inga was marooned on a stone coping above an exclusive Knights-bridge square—wearing nothing but pink panties, a bra and a nylon waist slip.

ingra had slipped out of her flat to look in her mail box for a letter from her family in Hamburg. The door snapped shut, locking her out.

She ran upstairs, through a vacant apartment onto the balcony, and tried to lower her self to her own bedroom window.

She got as far as the coping stone above the window . . . and couldn't get any farther—up or down.

It took a woman to sympathise. The woman fetched a builder and a ladder, ingenuously hid her face as pink as her pantie, climbed down the ladder and into her bedroom window.

She said later, "I was mad. There were all those men in the street and they just laughed."

She is planning on going back to Germany soon. There, she says, the men don't laugh at dumbells in distress.—U.P.I.

VOODOO incantations, dark rites and filthy-tasting medicines compounded of unspeakable ingredients flourish in the shadows of multi-storey skyscrapers in Salisbury, bustling capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Attracted by the vast and quibbly audience afforded by the masses of natives who throng the streets in search of work, the withholders have left their remote kraals and villages for the more modern—and profitable—surroundings of the "white man's" metropolis.

London.
HE walked into the local Labour Exchange and said: "I'm making a film. I want a large number of men as extras."

He gave his name as **HITCH-
COCK.**
The filming, "Mr Hitchcock"
explained, to the exchange
officials at Bexhill, Sussex,
would take a fortnight.

The men would receive £3 a day. He would be back for interviews at the week-end. The word went round. Interview day arrived; so did 50 would-be extras. They waited for an hour. Then they were told: "There have been some difficulties. The film is held up for the time being, and there are no jobs."

He said: "About 50 of us were rather annoyed at the exchange was on holiday, but his deputy said: 'It is just one of those things. I cannot confirm or deny it, and I do not wish to discuss it.'"

Said the area manager at Hastings, Mr. C. J. Phillips: "I do not know anything about it personally, but I have been told it happened. It was told gracefully."

Now the police have been told

Says Doctor Michael Gelfand, the Salisbury physician and author: "The nganga fulfils a useful purpose in the life of the African. His real strength lies in the psychosomatic field, for by helping the individual face the problems that confront all of us he is able to control many anxiety states.

A DYING fox cub shot and wounded by an attacker near Truro last week.

Naples.
Renato Mancini picked the
wrong place for the first
night of his honeymoon.
Mancini, 30, of Rome, was

awakened in his hotel at 3 a.m. by police and arrested on an old theft charge for which he had been sentenced in absentia to eight months imprisonment.

A sharp-eyed police inspector remembered Mancini's name while going through the hotel registry.

Mancini, married the previous morning, was hauled off to prison leaving his tearful bride behind.—U.P.I.

SIXTEEN sets of bold British twins who completed exhaustive taste tests in Rome to make sure none of them owed their shiny pates to organic troubles were flying home today.

As a reward for taking part in Italian endocrine experiments, Nicola Pender's experimenters, the twins will be treated to a tour around the world.

All they have to do is visit the 55 hair salons owned by individuals in Linn R. Akers. Akers has sponsored their trip to back up his theory that baldness is not hereditary. One member of each of the twins will get the special Akers treatment, the other will not.


At the end of a year, 37-year-old Akers hopes the 37-year-old twins will be as vigorously full grown from the head of

the twin who has been following his treatment. A spokesman for Akers says that if the experiment proves to be a success then, certainly, other twins will be given similar treatments. From now until autumn another 64 sets of hairless twins from Scandinavia to the United States will be home following the roads that lead from flames and Prof. Ponder's U.P.I.

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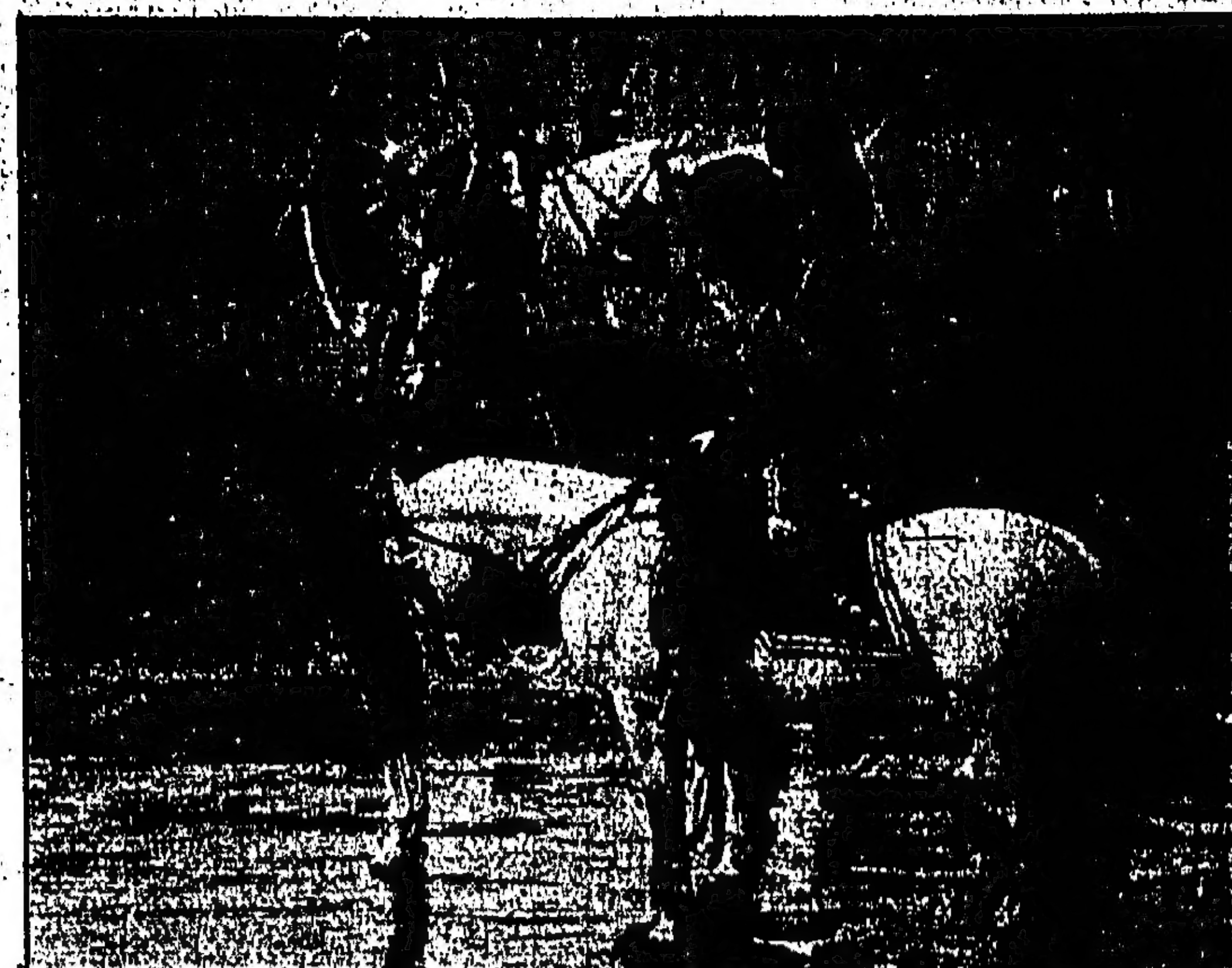
ABOVE: Among the regular polo players at the Ham Polo Club, Petersham—are stage stars Jimmy Edwards and 23-year-old Peggy Walsh. They are seen here talking together before a match last week.—KEYSTONE.



RIGHT: Former British Premier Sir Winston Churchill leaves the London home of his neighbour—sculptor Sir Jacob Epstein, right, last week after a first view of Epstein's model of the Earl Lloyd George memorial statue. The statue will stand in the inner lobby of the House of Commons.



JAPANESE actress Yoko Tani arriving for the London premiere last Wednesday of the film "The Wind Cannot Read", in which she co-stars with Dirk Bogardo.



ABOVE: The Queen flicks away the rain from her eyes during the Trooping the Colour ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade, which took place in a downpour. The colourful celebration, in honour of the Queen's Birthday, was very much dampened.



THE news that British rock 'n' roll singer Tommy Steele is engaged was revealed last week. The girl, pictured here with Tommy, is 22-year-old actress Anne Donaghu—currently understudying in a London musical, "Expresso Bongo", which kids rock 'n' roll singers. Anne says the nightly kidding of Tommy doesn't bother her.



BLANCHE Patch, for 30 years the secretary of Bernard Shaw, once said that the playwright would turn in his grave if he could see what "My Fair Lady" had done to his "Pygmalion". But last Tuesday she was at Variety Club of Great Britain luncheon in London. She gave a silver heart to Julie Andrews, star of the show, in recognition of her "great services to the stage."



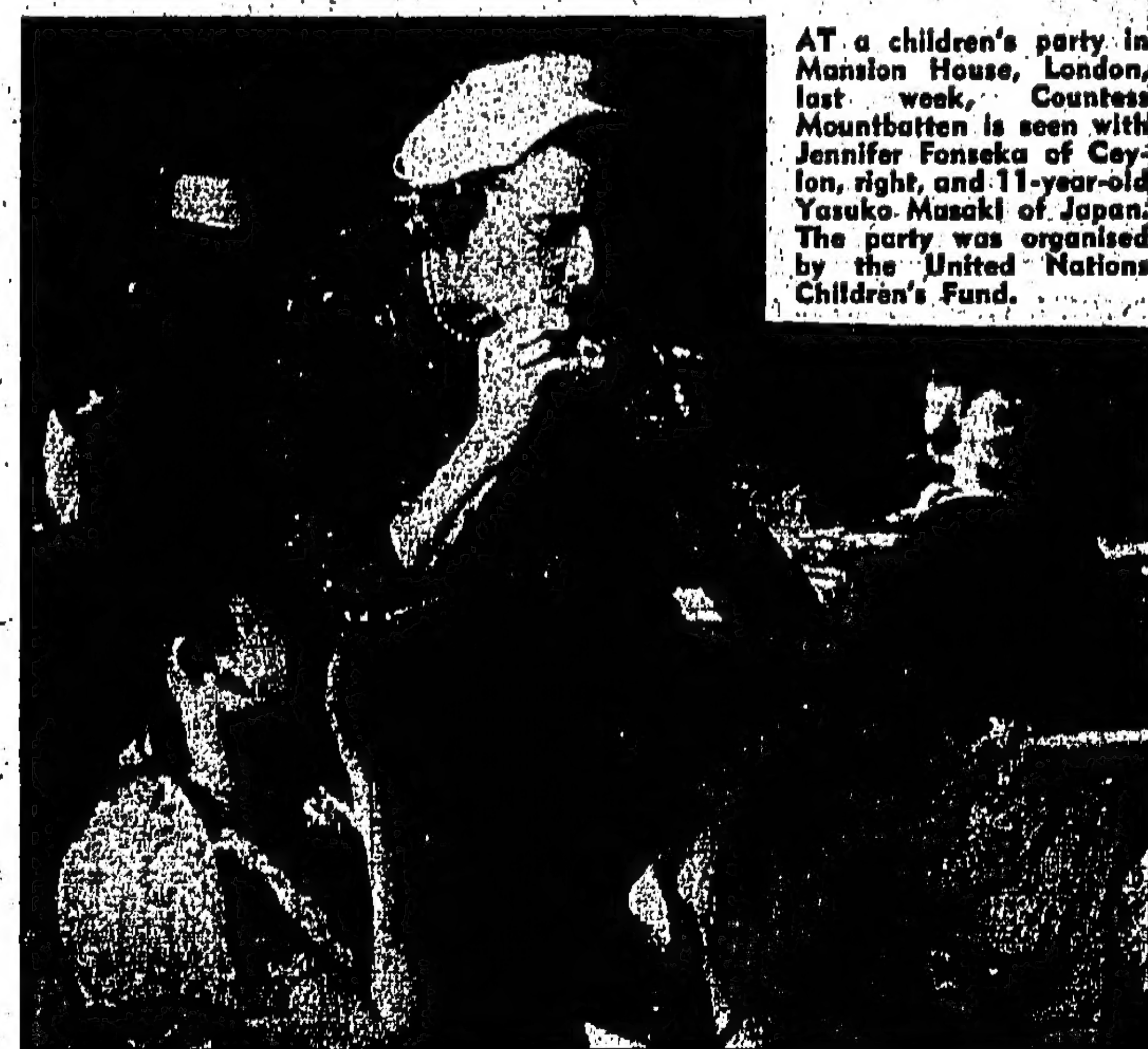
PRINCESS Margaret went to the Royal and Merchant Navies' Ball held recently at the Hurlingham Club in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. With her is the Mayor of Fulham.



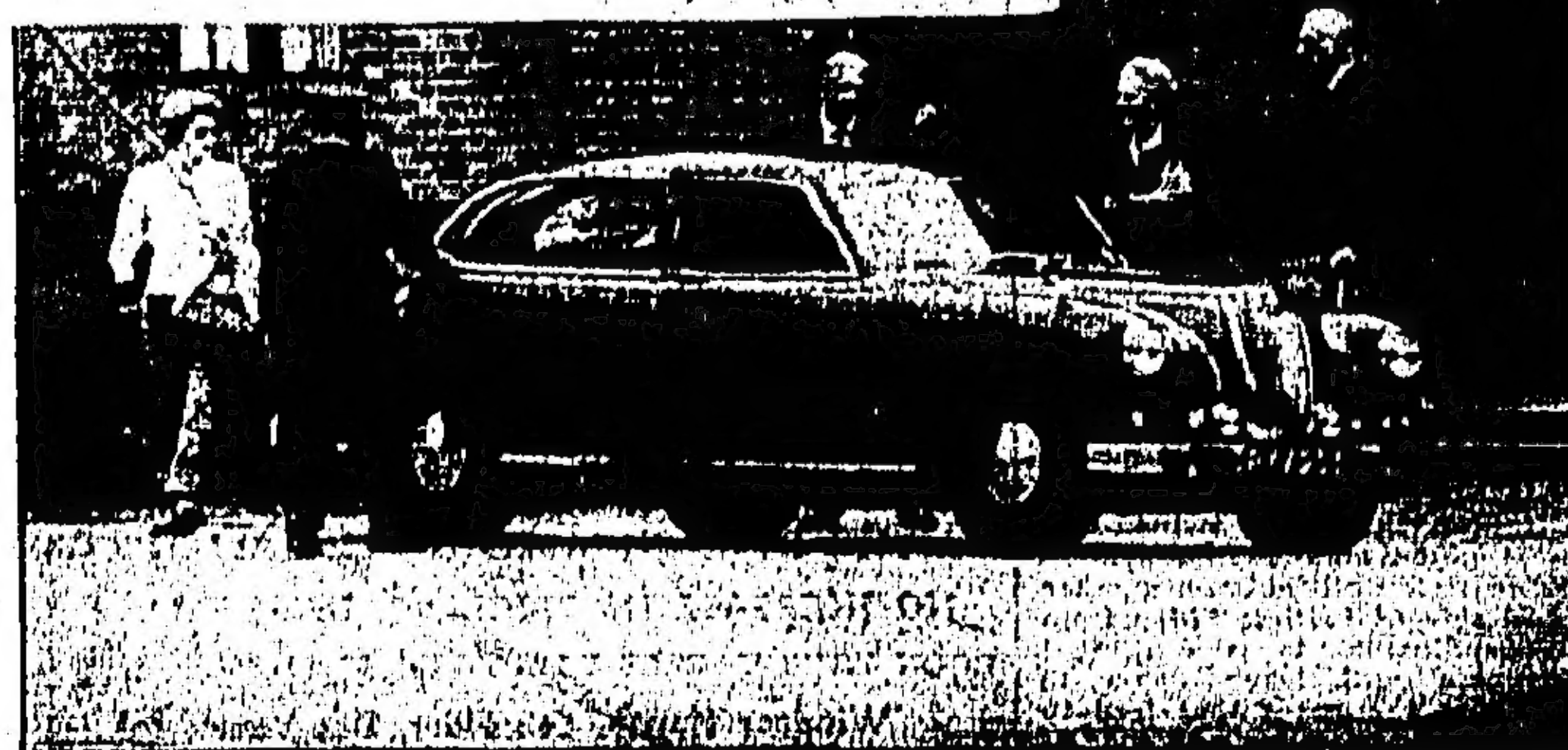
BELOW: Here is the finest diamond to come to the London market in 30 years. The pear-shaped 35.73-carat stone was put up for sale at Christie's auctioneers by an anonymous woman. It was bought for £27,000 by London dealer Levi Cohen.



DISCUSSING the London bus strike (now in its seventh week) in a cafe last week are these members of the London Busmen's negotiating Committee.



AT a children's party in Mansion House, London, last week, Countess Mountbatten is seen with Jennifer Fonseka of Ceylon, right, and 11-year-old Yasuko Masaki of Japan. The party was organised by the United Nations Children's Fund.



EXPRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Introducing Another Hongkong Short Story Writer Elizabeth Beacham

TURNABOUT

CATHRYN looked appreciatively at the solitaire diamond on the third finger of her left hand and gave a quick glance into the long glass of her dressing table. "I've changed," she thought, "I don't even look the same any more!" The girl facing her in the mirror wore a sheath of tangerine shantung; and she wondered if it were a little too bright, though on second thought, it did seem to reflect its colour in the highlights of her brown hair... and surely it did something to those ordinary hazel eyes. Anyhow it had taken time and care to choose this special dress for this very special occasion, so now it would have to do.

She glanced across at the worn travelling clock on her bedside table; it said 7.30, so she had fifteen minutes before she must go downstairs. "Funny," she said to herself, "that little clock has been with me for seven years, and travelled half way round the world with me!"

And a tremor of excitement passed through her body as she thought of her next journey. It seemed hardly believable that only three weeks ago she'd lain in her bed in this very room, in a state of exasperated self-pity, sure that at twenty-seven, nothing exciting was ever going to happen to her again.

She'd been in Hongkong for six months, as governess and companion to elderly Jonathan and Kitty Stoner and their two small children. The Stoners were an Australian couple who had married late in life and were blissfully happy with their two children. Cathryn had met them whilst on a visit to her married sister in Sydney and had liked them at once. They were intrigued by Cathryn's enterprise and initiative in getting herself jobs of all kinds so that she could travel and see something of the world.

In seven years she had worked as governess, companion, shop-assistant, and even as a factory hand, in London, Paris, Vienna, in a country town in Bavaria and in Copenhagen. And, had saved up enough to take her to Australia. It had seemed a natural and proper coincidence, that she should encounter the Stoners just as they were about to leave for a year's assignment in Hongkong. Cathryn had jumped at the opportunity of going with them. In fact she had almost accepted a refusal; they insisted "With such a girl as that, the whirl of preparation was in full swing before she had time to think."

But Hongkong had been a disappointment to her. Kitty turned out to be a fussier over the children and so Cathryn had found herself very much tied up with little time to herself. The Stoners were a quiet couple, not given much to social life... on occasional rather stodgy dinner party... and sometimes in the near distance... a man... but never under forty.

So, on that morning three weeks ago there'd been a bit of an edge to Cathryn's temper when she awoke on her day off, to find the Peak drowned in mist; she'd lain there wondering what on earth was the matter with her; or what was wrong with the world. This sort of thing had never happened to her before, always, wherever she'd been, she'd managed to have a good time. She got out of bed and had a look at herself... tallish... good figure... skin alright... eyes a clear hazel... brown hair with hands and feet. Perhaps it's my mind, she had thought, maybe I'm getting duller as I get older. But for the life of her she couldn't see that the level of her intelligence had changed. And she flung herself back on the bed feeling that the petulant twist of the mouth was fully justified.

She was bored. And the prospect of the day before her irritated and annoyed her. Shopping in the morning... a new pair of shoes and a swim suit... lunch... alone... then, to the recreation club to give the swim suit an airing. There'd be nobody there, of course, but a lot of screaming babies and their fond mothers, who had thought, gloomily, And then a cinema of dinner; again, alone!

By the time her breakfast arrived she had worked up a beautiful chip on her shoulder, and neither the peace of eating breakfast without the chatter of the children, nor the helplessness both did anything to help. The chip went with her through the mist to the peak tram. She wondered why people raved about Hongkong. The Peak had been in the clouds for three weeks now... and it was too hot... and she never knew what to wear... and the tram was always full!

memory of her thoughts about Americans earlier that day. He rich travelling for pleasure. He had discovered an old acquaintance in the American Consulate here, who was to be a witness at the wedding, how about Cathryn being the second witness?

Brenda was overjoyed at the idea... who could be better than her best friend's sister? Cathryn was pleased and excited; she anticipated Mrs Stoner's consent to this arrangement and whilst David went off on business of his own, she and Brenda descended upon Miss Brusley's "Gowns" and there, in less than no time found the dress in ice blue lace which Brenda swore would be the perfect foil for the orchid pink which she had chosen for her wedding.

They met David again at 7.30, and with him was a sandy-haired, rather plain and quiet young man who was introduced as Robert Adamson. The dinner that followed was made gay by Brenda's chatter and enthusiasm. They danced, and though Robert was not the world's best dancer, Cathryn found his quiet, slow conversation much more interesting than an evening at the movies on her own.

They found they had many tastes in common and when at last he delivered her to the Stoners' house, on the Peak, she was pleased when he said perhaps when the excitement of the wedding was over they might meet again. Just three weeks ago!

The wedding successfully negotiated, Brenda and David went on their way to Japan; to combine a honeymoon with what remained of Brenda's business commitments. But that had really been the beginning for Cathryn.

Robert, for all his quiet approach, was thorough. He made a friend and ally of Kitty Stoner, and put his mind to courting Cathryn to such effect, that when he asked her to marry him a fortnight after their first meeting, she said yes, because there didn't seem to be any other answer. This was no young girl's dream of love. On the contrary, love, on Cathryn's part, didn't seem to enter into it. Everything had happened so fast that she never really came to herself until one evening when they were all, the Stoners and Robert and herself sitting in the drawing room talking desultorily, half-listening to someone chatting humdrumly on the radio on "How to write the Great Novel."

Suddenly it came upon her that this was what she had been waiting for all her life. To be able to look across the room and see Robert's homely face, crooked in an appreciative grin and to know that for the rest of time he would be there when she needed him. And that would be all the time.

All the time. She'd wanted to shout it aloud from the housetops. Poor Robert had been shaken out of his usual calm by her response when he'd kissed her goodnight, that night.

She looked at the clock again. Must go down now. Guests would be arriving. One last look at the tangerine dress. Face alright. Hair... A few weeks now and she would be Mrs Robert Adamson and after a honeymoon in the United States, to be shown off to Robert's parents, would return to this island and make her home here. She looked out of the window; a beautiful evening, the Peak bathed in the glow of the setting sun.

No wonder people raved about the beauty of Hongkong.

PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace Thompson



Bobbery

This word means noise or fuss. Hobson Jobson derives it from the Anglo-Indian, Bobbery-Bob, an interjection. Bobbery-Bob is Hindi Bag-re Bag, O Father. The Indo-Portuguese variant of Bobbery is babare, which represents a sound similar to that of Leland's babble, as in too much babble, too much noise. Although he related this form to bobbery, Leland translates it babble, a healthy piece of contamination. It is not true that "Chinese people cannot pronounce 'bobbery'." What happens is that such sounds do not exist in some of the Southern languages of China and are replaced by 'l'-sounds by some Southern Chinese when speaking languages such as English, French or Portuguese.

Hence, for example, our old friend fly lice... Hence, too, Leland's spelling, bobbery. This my friend he want make one little piece pidgin long me you. "Spouse you abashum, my name big bobbery will you." Hobson Jobson quotes the following passage: "... If an Hindoo was to see a house on fire, to receive a smart slap on the face, break a china basin, cut his finger, see two Europeans boxing, or a sparrow shot, he would call out 'Ah-bag-bag!' Another passage where the expression is used is roughly the China coast scene is also printed in Hobson Jobson: 'When the band struck up (my Arab) was much frightened, made bobbery, set his foot in a hole and nearly pitched me.' This Anglo-Indian reference is dated 1830.

Attempts have been made, none very convincing, to relate bobbery to Cantonese pa-pl.

Boilum

An old pidgin word for boil. Leland quotes 'boilum' (boil) as the ending seems to be English him or 'im. It has come to be the sign of the transitive verb in some pidgin languages.

Boy

Although I (and Mr. Muggeridge) have been abusing the Hongkong use of boy, I can't help remembering the French saroun has gone through a similar evolution and seems to give little offence.

Bright Sun

Leland says this was once the Canton pidgin for Chinese ming yat, tomorrow. I wonder if it has ever been used in Hongkong.

Bull-Chilo

Boy was so commonly used for servant in China Coast Pidgin that another term for Plight that physiological boy had to be found. Bull-chilo was an excellent choice. It could be understood without difficulty and differentiated neatly between the offspring of the master-race and of the natives in the same way as did picaninny in the Deep South and still does in Lambeth between white and coloured.

Bull-chilo was becoming obsolete in Leland's day. I take it that it is never heard in Hongkong these days. Cow-chilo presumably vanished with it.

Bund

This is not a well-known Hongkong word but it was the Anglo-Indian name given to an artificial embankment, dam, dyke or causeway bordering the sea-front in many of the Treaty Ports. A writer in 1876 says "so I took a stroll on the 'Tienan bund'." The word is Persian bandh.

Hongkong's own word is of course Praya which is the Portuguese praia, beach or sea-shore, as in the famous and beautiful Praia Grande in Macao.

Bunder

According to Leland's report, canard, a story which has obtained currency on the quay or bund. In this word ever used in Hongkong. How it ever been used?

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ZANIES



**HE WALKED
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FREEDOM**

CHEATED BY A GUN

... I had escaped wolves, secret police ... death
at a river ... now I could only stand helpless ...

THE needle-sharp teeth of a starving wolf-pack were eating into my flesh. In a few terrifying seconds I would be finished and I screamed for death to cut short the agony.

I had dodged death for hundreds of miles and now, as the fangs sank into my limbs, I was begging, pleading to die.

And yet, though I did not know it, I WAS SAFE.

True, I had plunged from a tree into the middle of a howling, snarling, wolf-pack. But they had never reached me, my agony was all imagination, and yet no less real for all that.

It took the hunters who saved me ten minutes to convince me I wasn't dead. It took them 10 more minutes to convince me I was alive; then I stopped screaming.

So my great trek was to go on. I had walked 1,700 miles since escaping from a Russian slave camp on the shores of the Behring Sea.

Thousands of miles further away was my home in Munich, which I had last seen as a German paratrooper officer, and some day I meant to return.

I had beaten the camp guards, survived a murderous attack by a maniac bandit who had left me for dead, and now I had cheated the wolves.

THE TRUTH

I looked dazed at the hunters who had saved my life.

The men were yellow-faced Yakuts—members of a nomad tribe roving the snow-covered Siberian plain.

The older man, who introduced himself as Kolka and his companion as Alyosha, told me how they had been trailing the wolves for days and had arrived just as the pack pounced on me. Then he waited politely for me to speak.

I hesitated, wondering whether I should lie or whether I could trust them with the truth about myself.

Then Kolka said bluntly: "You're no Russian. Where are you from?"

I studied their bland, smiling faces. These men had saved my life, but they could turn me over to the police just as quickly. Indeed, they would make themselves criminals if they sheltered me.

In spite of this I decided they would not let me down.

"I am a German," I said quietly. "An escaped prisoner-of-war."

For a moment they said nothing, and I watched their eyes carefully.

Then Kolka put his arm around my shoulder and said: "All right. We understand."

They took me by dog sled to their village, a cluster of small tents. There Kolka took me to his own tent and said: "So long as you are here, you are under my protection."

And under his protection I remained until the summer of 1951.

I went hunting with the Yakuts. I learned to fish with them, breaking holes in the ice, Eskimo-fashion.

EVIL SMELL

I even watched their babies being born in their smoke-filled, evil-smelling tents.

How these babies lived I shall never know. But live they did—dozens of them. The Yakuts practised polygamy, which would have shocked the bureaucrats of Moscow but seemed to work well in the Province of Yakutsk.

Despite this, I began to feel secure for the first time in 18 months. I settled down com-

fortably with these fine, hospitable people, and the vision of my home in Munich, my target, began to fade.

It might have disappeared altogether had not Kolka returned with frightening news from a trading trip to Ayn, on the Sea of Okhotsk, about 250 miles from the northern tip of Japan.

The Russians, he said gravely, knew I was alive. And they had a shrewd idea where I might be, too.

As soon as they had studied Kolka's papers and realised where he had come from, they asked him had he seen a big German, probably traveling alone, limping begging for food.

SHREWD

When Kolka told them that he could not help them, they said: "If you ever see him, let us know. We want that man."

The shrewd old warrior had probed them for further information. They told him they had heard about me from a bandit they had arrested.

That could have been only one man ... the man who had left me to die. He had given the police a full description of me in the hope that they would deal with him leniently.

But his treachery earned no reward. "They shot him," said Kolka with a grin.

That gave me a feeling of savage satisfaction. But it didn't make my position any less precarious. "I must leave you," I told Kolka. "And the sooner the better."

The next day Kolka gave me a leather shirt, a pair of long, supple boots and a new flint for my tinder box. Alyosha cut



By CLEMENS FORELL

Ex-German officer Clemens Forell walked 8,000 miles to freedom after fleeing from a Russian slave camp in Siberia.

Wild animals, bandits, hunger, thirst and disease dogged his every step. But by an amazing feat he survived to tell the greatest real-life escape story of our time.

Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Butler in "As Far as My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 15s.).

my hair and shaved off my beard.

Then he handed me a fragment of mirror. I gazed into it and the Yakuts howled with laughter at my expression of amazement.

I was gazing at the face of a total stranger. It was old and gaunt and pitted with suffering.

The women made me a rucksack from skins as thin as parchment and packed it with food. Then Kolka gave me some sound advice. "If people ask who you are," he said, "tell them you are a convict on your way back to work. They will sympathise with you and help you."

"Never say you are a free man—or you will find yourself behind bars."

FRONTIER

We agreed that I should make for the Mongolian frontier. Once over that, I might be free.

Early next morning Alyosha was ready with a sledge and 15 huskies to start me on my journey.

We travelled for two days, covering about 80 miles, and came to a river. The ice didn't seem thick enough to hold the weight of a man, let alone that of a loaded sledge, dogs and two men.

But we glided over it. And on the other bank, Alyosha said with a grin: "Now nobody can follow you. Nobody could cross that river—except a Yakut."

He handed me a pair of light hunter's skis, a present from Kolka. Then he unhitched one of the leading dogs from the sledge.

"Kolka wants you to have him," he said. "He says you must have someone to talk to, a

friend who will warn you in good time of danger."

And then he was gone in a swirl of snow, leaving me gazing sadly after him, overcome by the kindness of those proud Siberians.

I named the dog Willem and we set off together on a course roughly west. For days we marched, until the terrain became less desolate, the surroundings more civilised.

We reached a small village, surrounded by farms, and I broke into a store shed and stole enough food to last the pair of us for several days.

Life seemed almost comfortable—until I ran slap into trouble at a time when I least expected it.

I walked from a forest into a clearing and found myself surrounded by a bunch of awarthy, close-cropped lumberjacks. "I tried to walk past with a canvas wave of my hand. But it was no good. The foreman shouted: 'Hoi! Where are you going?'"

MY BLUFF

"Chito," I shouted back, choosing the name of the first convenient city that came to my mind.

"Travelling on duty?" "Timber escort." "I've just finished eight years' forced labour," I said. "Now I've got to report to the M.V.D. chief at Chito."

At once they were sympathetic. "You must go by rail," they said. "You'd better come back to our block house for the night and tomorrow we'll see the getting you on a timber train."

And then I realised they were gazing at my scars ... the scars

I thanked them. But inside I was terrified. That train could deliver me right into the arms of the secret police.

The lumberjacks were decent fellows. Not only did they give me food and shelter, but they found jobs for Willem and me.

They persuaded the timber control officer to let us travel on a freight train as guards.

For five days we rumbled across Siberia with plenty to eat and plenty of time to rest. When the freight train finally jerked to a stop I had leapt-frogged 800 miles to Ulan Ude, not far from the Mongolian border. Now I had to rely on bluff.

HE GUESSED

Cautiously I pulled open a wagon door—and found myself face to face with a fat little man with an official air.

"Who are you?" he snapped. "Timber escort."

He studied me for a long time and I realised that I must have been worth studying. My clothes were ragged.

My beard had grown again and my hair was round my neck. I was like a scarecrow. "You'd better come and have a wash. And a delousing too."

That suited me fine. But I didn't know that a wash was going to bring me face to face with the M.V.D.—the dreaded secret police.

I saw the attendants watching me closely as I splashed around under the shower. I watched them whispering together as I dried myself.

And then I realised they were gazing at my scars ... the scars

of a Soviet concentration camp. A doctor was called. He examined my wounds carefully and must have guessed how I had received them. Half an hour later I was being cross-examined by a whole posse of secret police.

I told them I had served an eight-year sentence and had been told to report to the M.V.D. at Chito to have my citizenship restored.

I said I had worked in a gold mine and described the conditions vividly, praying that my questioners had never seen a gold mine.

When I had finished, the men sat in silence. I sat in suspense and watched the senior officer slowly roll himself a cigarette. One phone call to Chito to check my story and ... but they never made the call. They believed me! The officer stood up and said: "We'll help you."

The next day I was put on a train for Chito with Willem—also deloused.

I left the train with the name Kyakhta, the town which was my next target, pounding in my brain. The next morning I hailed a lorry—an ancient tin-lizzy, driven by a Chinese.

He was going in the general direction of Kyakhta, on the Mongolian border, and gave me a lift into the middle of what seemed like a desert.

There he turned off and left me alone in the sandy waste. There was no sound, no sign of life, no indication whatever of where Kyakhta might be. I was hopelessly, utterly lost.

I picked a chance direction and walked until I was exhausted. Then I lay down with Willem by my side and slept until it was light.

We awoke parched with thirst. Willem licked the dew from the Steppe grass. So did I. Then we began walking again—until the dog froze in his tracks.

Across the plain, topping the hills that stretched to right and left in the distance, were four watch-towers, with a guard on each of them. I had reached the Soviet-Mongolian frontier.

But those guards could scan the countryside for miles around. If one of them had turned field-glasses in our direction, he could have spotted us easily.

I hid until the sun went down. The next morning we began walking parallel to those watch-

towers. I knew my only chance was to find a weak spot in the chain of posts and sneak across at night.

Eventually we came to a river which had to be crossed. I made a raft of brushwood, put my clothes and rucksack on it and began to swim. Willem followed me, though obviously he thought I had gone mad.

Then as I reached mid-stream I saw to my horror that a steamer was nosing its way swiftly towards me!

It spotted me, tooted its siren and altered course to avoid me. And as it swished past, about 200 passengers crowded the rail, cheering and hooting at the sight of a naked man, struggling along with a dog and a raft.

I sank on the other bank exhausted. Later, while waiting for my clothes to dry, I caught a large fish. But I couldn't cook it, because I was afraid to light a fire.

Instead, I tried to eat it raw, but it tasted terrible.

WATCH-TOWERS

Angrily I tossed it to Willem, who seemed to swallow it whole, his tail thumping the ground with pleasure.

On we walked ... on and on and on. We came to a forest of firs, and as I ambled through them a strange peace stole over me. In a setting like this, danger simply could not exist.

And then I stepped out into a clearing—and saw three watch-towers less than a stone's-throw away!

For a moment I could do nothing. I was paralysed with fear. I tried to move, but my legs were numb. I stood stock-still, helpless, vulnerable.

I saw the sentry on the nearest watch-tower straighten his back, yawn and shuffle round.

Then he saw me and left his platform.

I found myself looking horrified straight into the barrel of his sub-machine-gun. He stood between me and freedom.

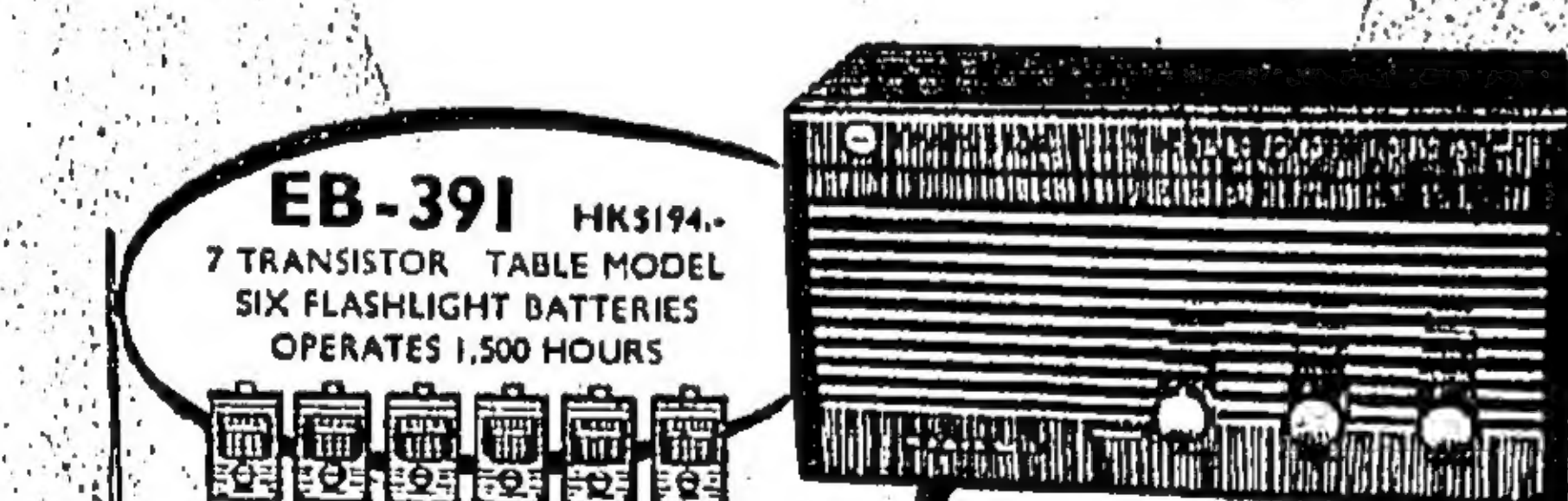
NEXT WEEK:

Willem saves my life—and is killed. An Armenian Jew puts me in touch with an anti-Communist underground movement.

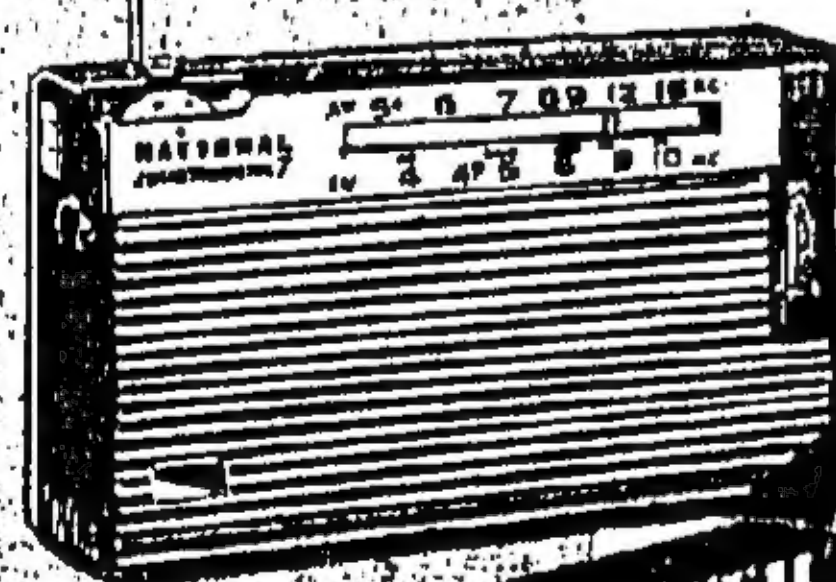
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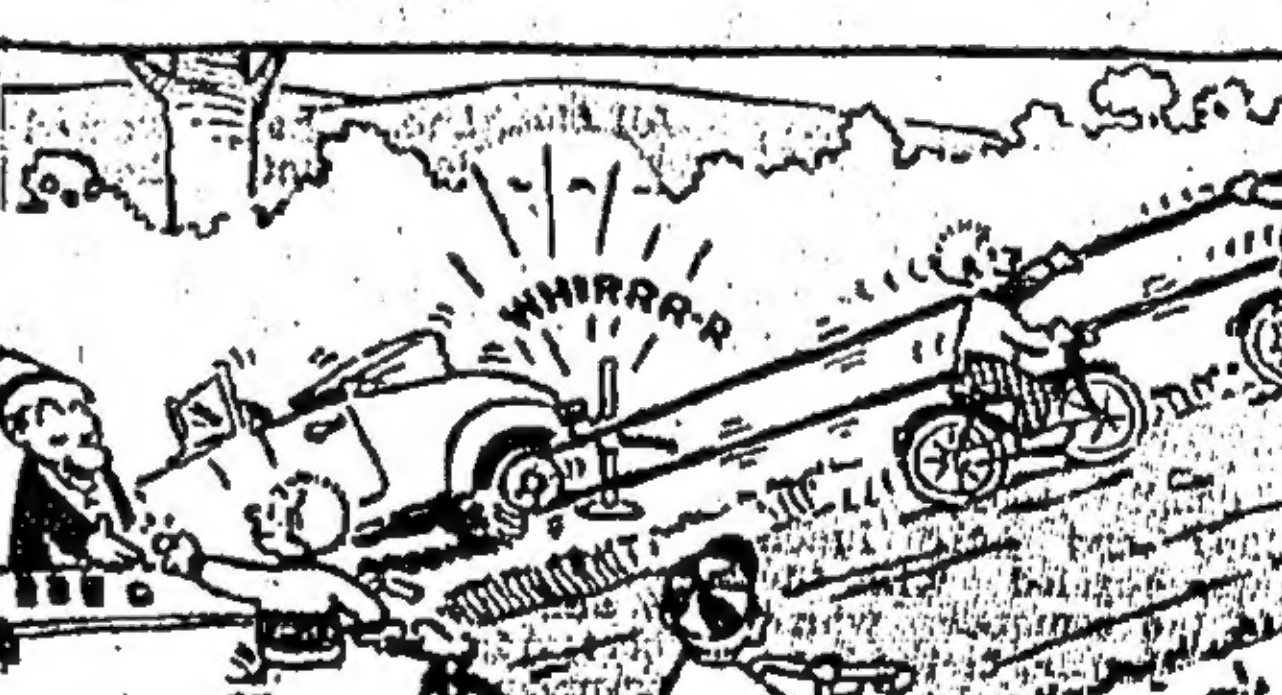
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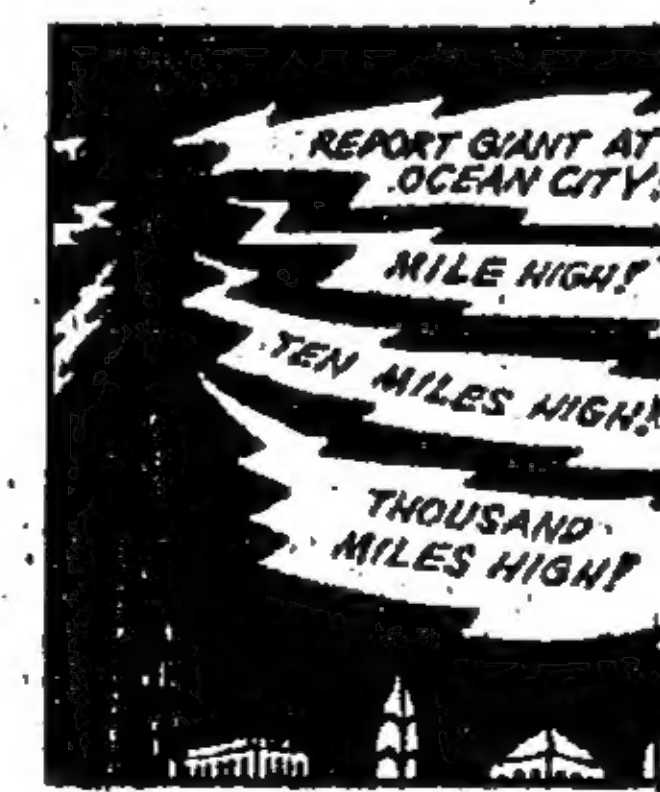
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Sensations Of Sport

By John Cottrell

THE BATTLE OF BERNIE

THE Brazilian and Hungarian footballers faced each other across the dressing room table. The shattering of an electric lamp signalled the start of hostilities. And two of the finest attacking sides in the world went into action—with bottles, fists, and studded boots.

The date was June 27, 1954. The place: Wankdorf Stadium, Bern. The occasion: the quarter-final of the 5th World Soccer Cup between Brazil and Hungary.

At least, that's what the official programme said. It also said something about the value of this festival "in the service of international friendship." But what the spectators saw on that ill-fated day in Switzerland seldom resembled world-class football, and never fostered any international goodwill.

For this was the most shameful engagement in the history of soccer, a disgraceful exhibition of bad sportsmanship—The Battle of Bernie.

And the players were not the only ones at fault. Hundreds of spectators and officials were also locked in savage combat after the game. Clothes were ripped, shins were kicked, jaws were punched—all because of the ill-feeling stirred up by this ferocious football match.

But could they maintain their incredible winning run against the fast and formidable Brazilians, who were now striding into top gear? Brazil had a reputation of being a poor Cup fighter. In the previous World Cup competition they had been unlucky to

The Teams Went Into Action

—With Fists, Bottles And

Studded Boots!

lose the trophy by only one point to Uruguay. This time they would not go down without a really hard fight.

And a fight it was. Two penalties were awarded. Three players, including a Hungarian Member of Parliament, were sent off the field. Another player had his name taken by the British referee, Arthur Ellis.

The Brazilians began using rough tactics in the first minute of the match. The Hungarian centre-forward, Nandor Hidegkuti, had half his shorts torn away as he was held back by a Brazilian defender. And he was still playing in his brief undies when he scored three minutes later from a corner-kick.

Hidegkuti soon made a second goal when, with slide-rule precision, he centred the ball for the inside right, Santos. Santos headed into the net. Eight minutes of play, and Hungary already had a two-goal lead.

Now the battle was on in earnest. The Brazilians fought back so viciously that Hungary's proud professors of football were goaded into retaliation. Cruel tackling and sly elbow jabs became the order of the day. Finally, the two of the greatest teams in the world submerged their superb artistry in barbed-rough-house tactics.

The first penalty was awarded in the twentieth minute when Brazilian centre-forward D. Santos was felled by the Hungarian left-back, Duzansky. D. Santos took the kick for Brazil and made the score 2-1.

Few people escaped from the stadium that evening without a bruise or torn clothing as a memento. Even Ferenc Puskas, the brilliant Hungarian captain, kept out of the game by an injured ankle, was attacked by angry Brazilian supporters.

Mr Zander Baros, President of the Hungarian Football Association, had his face cut by a flying bottle. Mr Gustave Sebes (pronounced Shabash), Hungary's Soccer team boss, suffered a similar injury from a flying boot. Carlos Pinheiro, the massive Brazilian centre-half, received first-aid for a cut over an eye.

Eventually, the footballers, many of them still dressed for play, were hurried away from the ground. A police cordon cleared a path to their motor coaches.

So ended the Battle of Bernie, a clash which did infinite harm to Hungarian-Brazilian relations and marred the hitherto successful World Cup competition. Only a few hours after the debacle, the Hungarians cancelled their proposed tour of Brazil.

Referee Ellis described the Brazil-Hungary meeting as "the roughest match of my career." And he added: "I don't think I will go back to Brazil. I think too much of my wife and family. They take these games much too seriously."

The day after the match, bottles and boots were produced as exhibits when the disciplinary committee of the Federation of Football Associations met to discuss the incident.

After two hours, the committee announced its findings. It censured the two national associations concerned for "failing to prevent improper behaviour by the players." The cases of the three men sent off were referred to their respective associations for punishment.

Two days later, the World Cup committee met in Bern. It was expected they would bar Brazil from the next competition and ban several Hungarians from Cup games.

But, in the event, no action was taken. The difficulty was that any punishment would be much harder on Hungary, who were still in the competition.

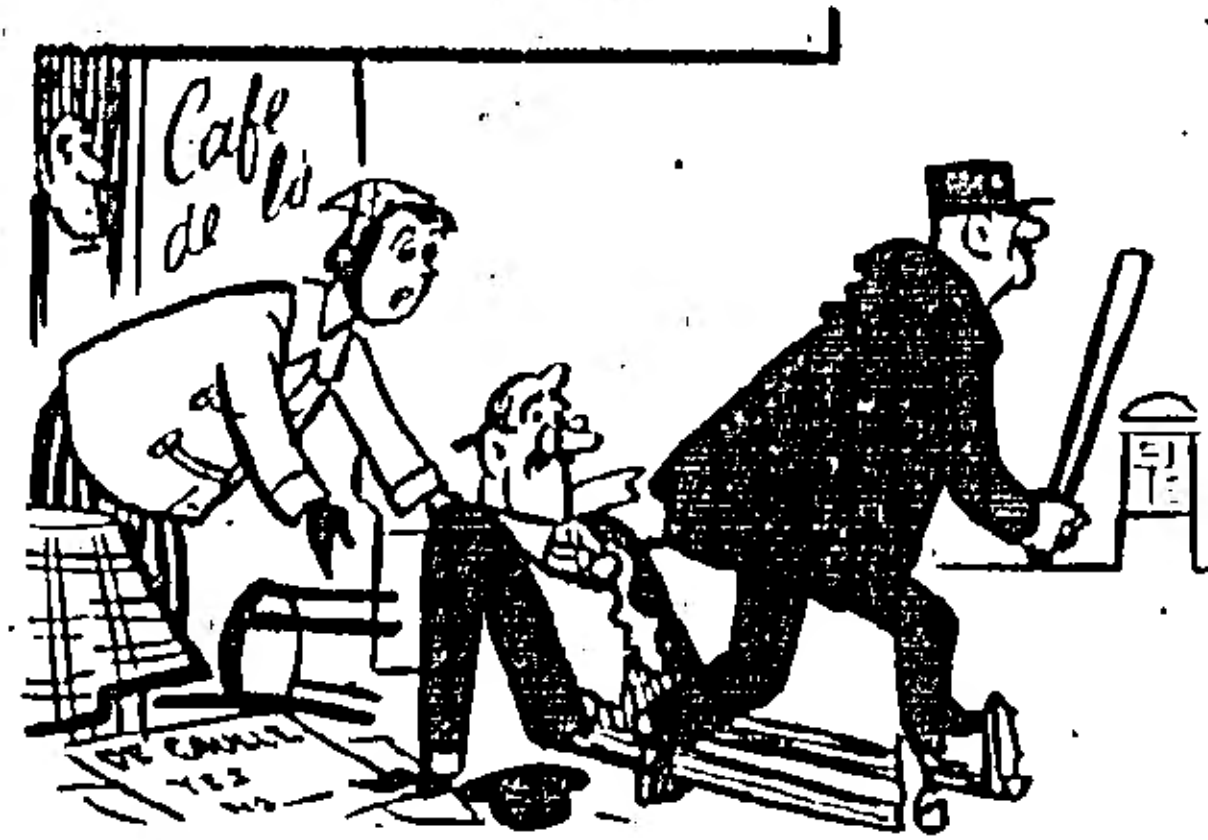
So Hungary, the team of the century, went on in full strength to the semi-finals where, they beat the Cup-holders, Uruguay.

But then, to the astonishment of their countrymen, the Hungarians were beaten 3-2 in the final by Germany.

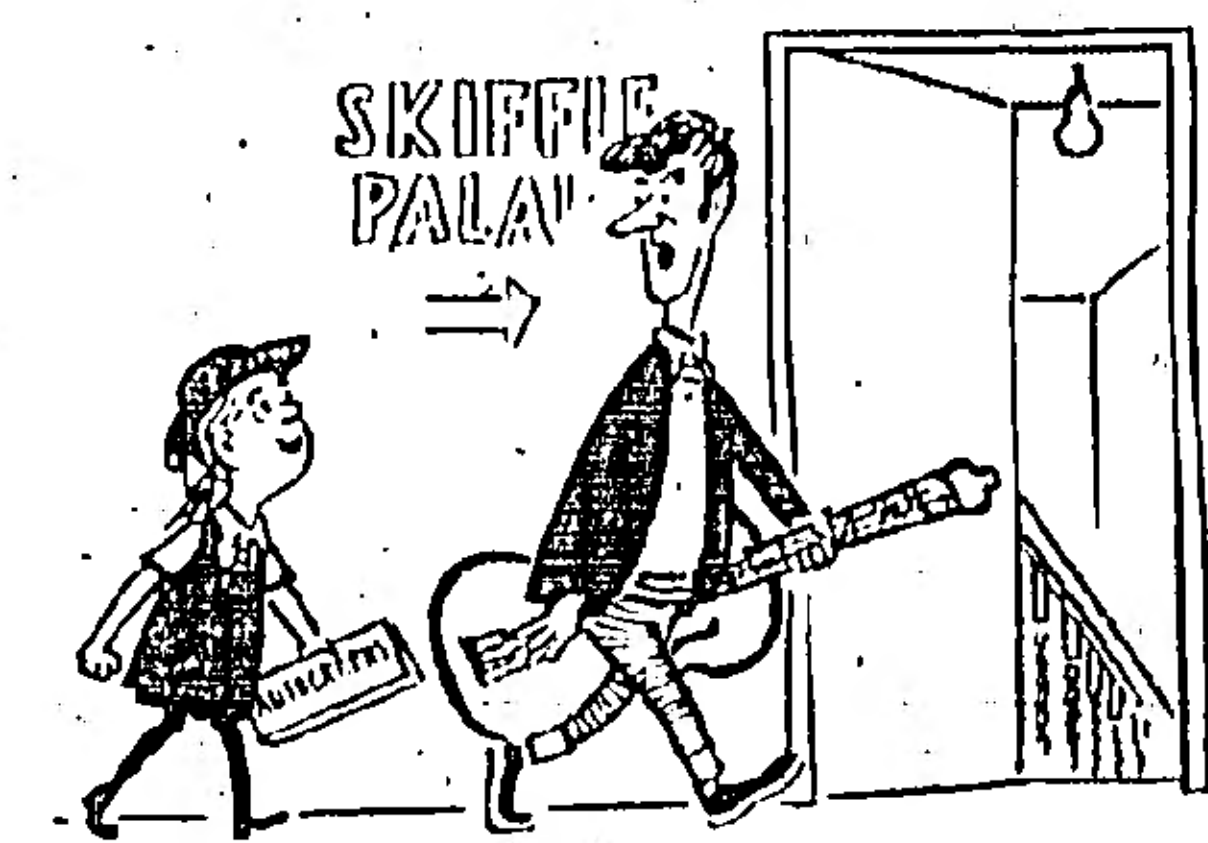
This defeat caused yet another riot in Hungary. Angry fans smashed windows in the State-run football pools office and in the Budapest flat of Gustave Sebes, Deputy Minister of Sport. They believed they had been swindled by the pools, that the team management had sold out to the Germans. The idea that their "invincible" footballers had been fairly beaten by the Germans was unthinkable!

But they should have realised after the Battle of Bernie—anything is possible in the World Soccer Cup.

ENDS



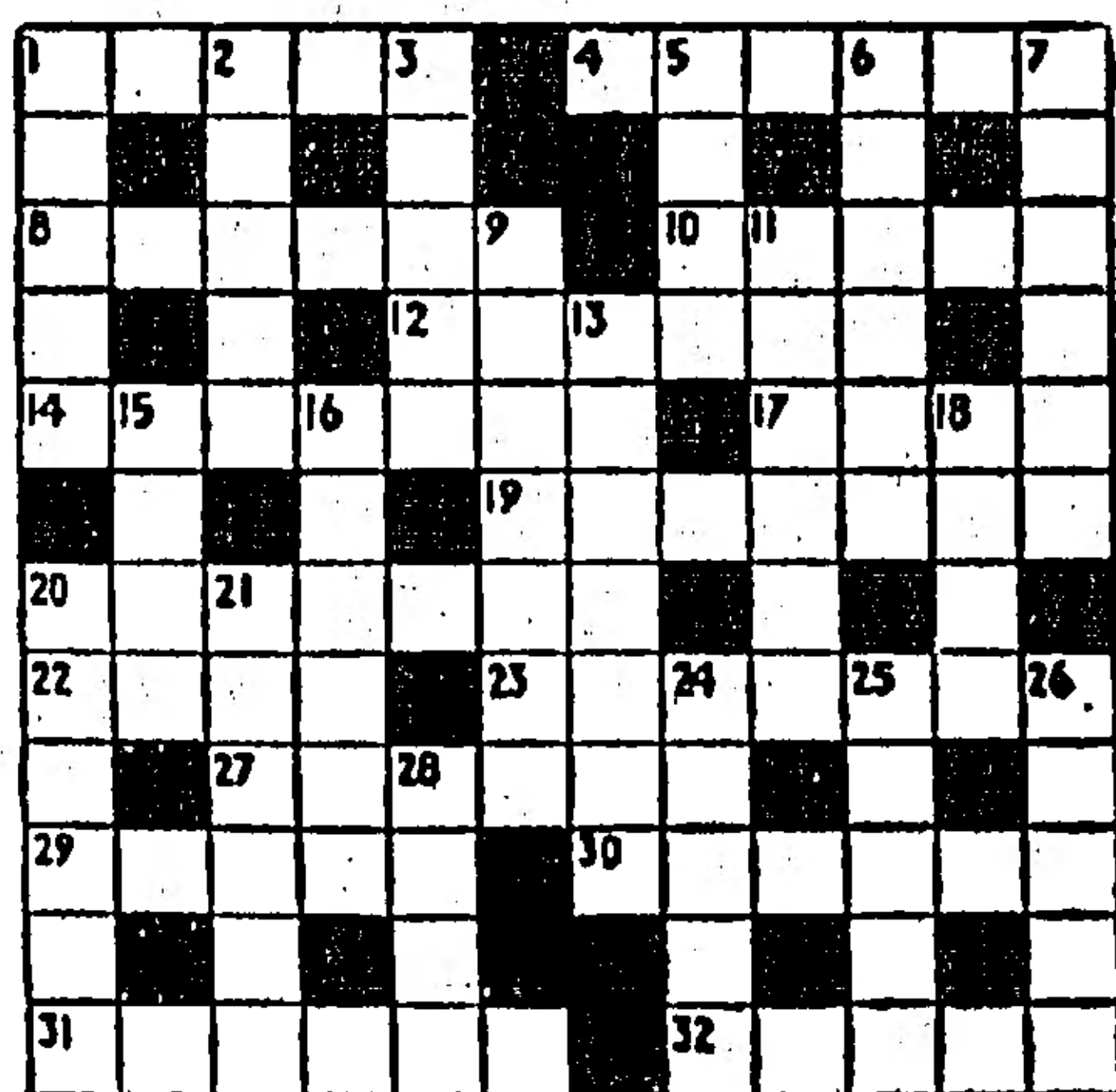
"I told you that you shouldn't take a Public Opinion Poll, dear, the French are not used to them."



"Scram! People will think you're my wife!"

by Friell

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Types (5).
- 4 Trouser for the lazy? (6).
- 8 One exuberantly frolicsome (6).
- 10 Go on strike? (5).
- 12 The logical see it, the crazy lose it (6).
- 14 Here's something for you, solver? (7).
- 17 Close in more than one sense (1).
- 19 A big ship, the Bounty, it reamed (7).
- 20 Downing Street pudding? (7).
- 22 Dye plant (4).
- 23 Cash! (7).
- 27 Numbering of the people (6).
- 29 Carmen, possibly (6).
- 30 In the saddle in Yorkshire (6).
- 31 Flipped a coin (6).
- 32 Keen to agree, perhaps (5).

DOWN

- 1 Make a legal addition? (3, 2).
- 2 Just a bit of cowboy fun (5).
- 3 A beastly ill-natured sound (5).
- 5 Girl in glasses (4).
- 6 Henthon Oriental? (6).
- 7 Uses the clippers (6).
- 9 Old cop getting the spuds ready? (7).
- 11 Member of Genghis Khan's race (6).
- 13 He starts as a ship's officer, but gets no pay (7).
- 15 Horse or its colour (4).
- 16 Not a particularly tender bird (6).
- 18 Envenomed crawlers (4).
- 20 Cut a expert? (6).
- 21 Arm muscle (6).
- 24 Not a direct remark? (6).
- 25 Topping stuff for a cake (6).
- 26 Lager upsels him (6).
- 28 One gets it in the neck (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Tiller, 4 Major, 7 Tropical, 8 Larks, 9 Expert, 11 Earlom, 13 Readers, 15 Celis, 16 Belle, 19 Conquest, 20 Eares, 21 Stewed. Down: 1 Title, 2 Lepes, 3 Reclier, 4 Miller, 5 Joy-rides, 6 Rongars, 10 Pezilles, 12 Asenle, 13 Rebate, 16 In use, 17 Silid.



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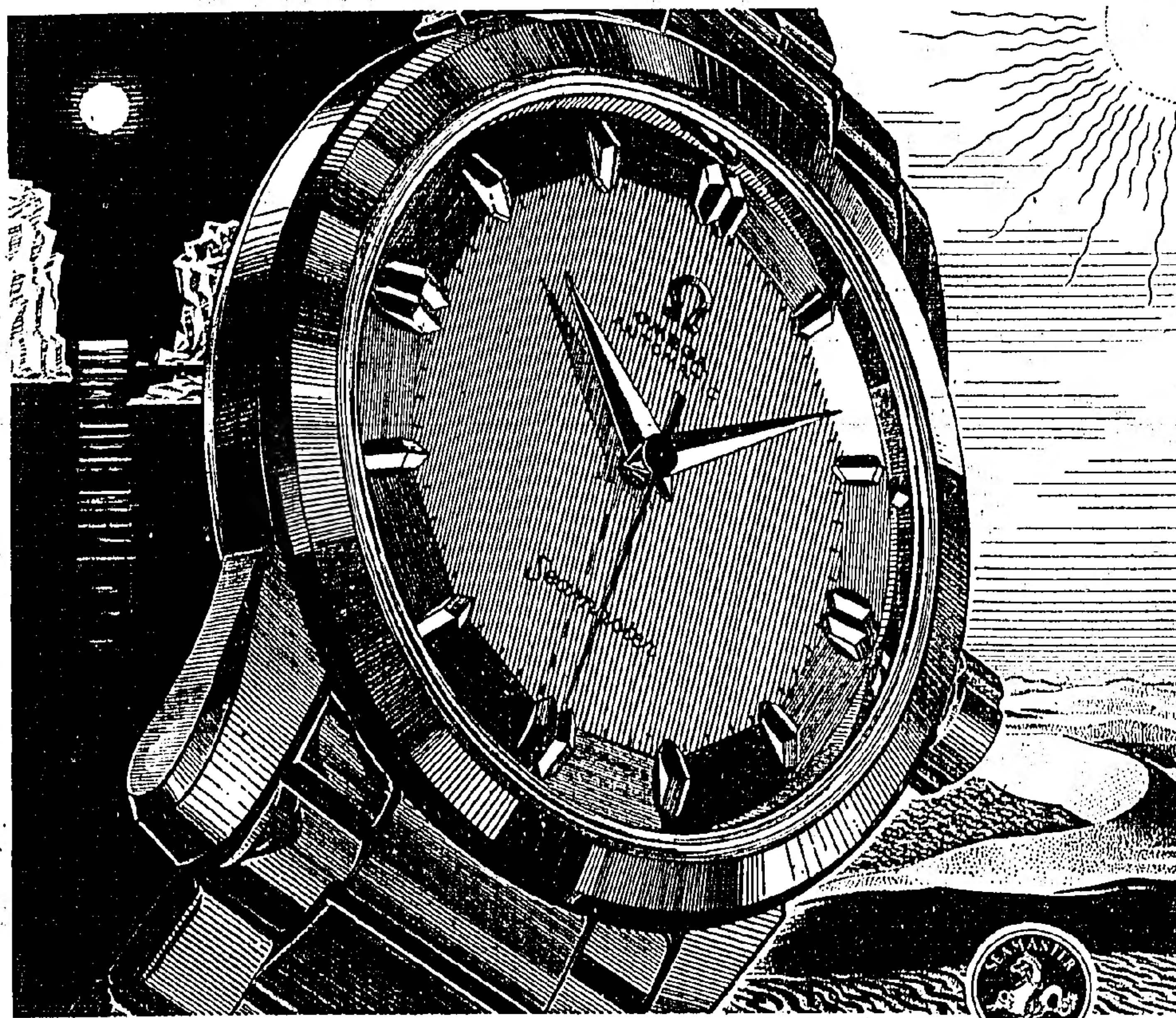
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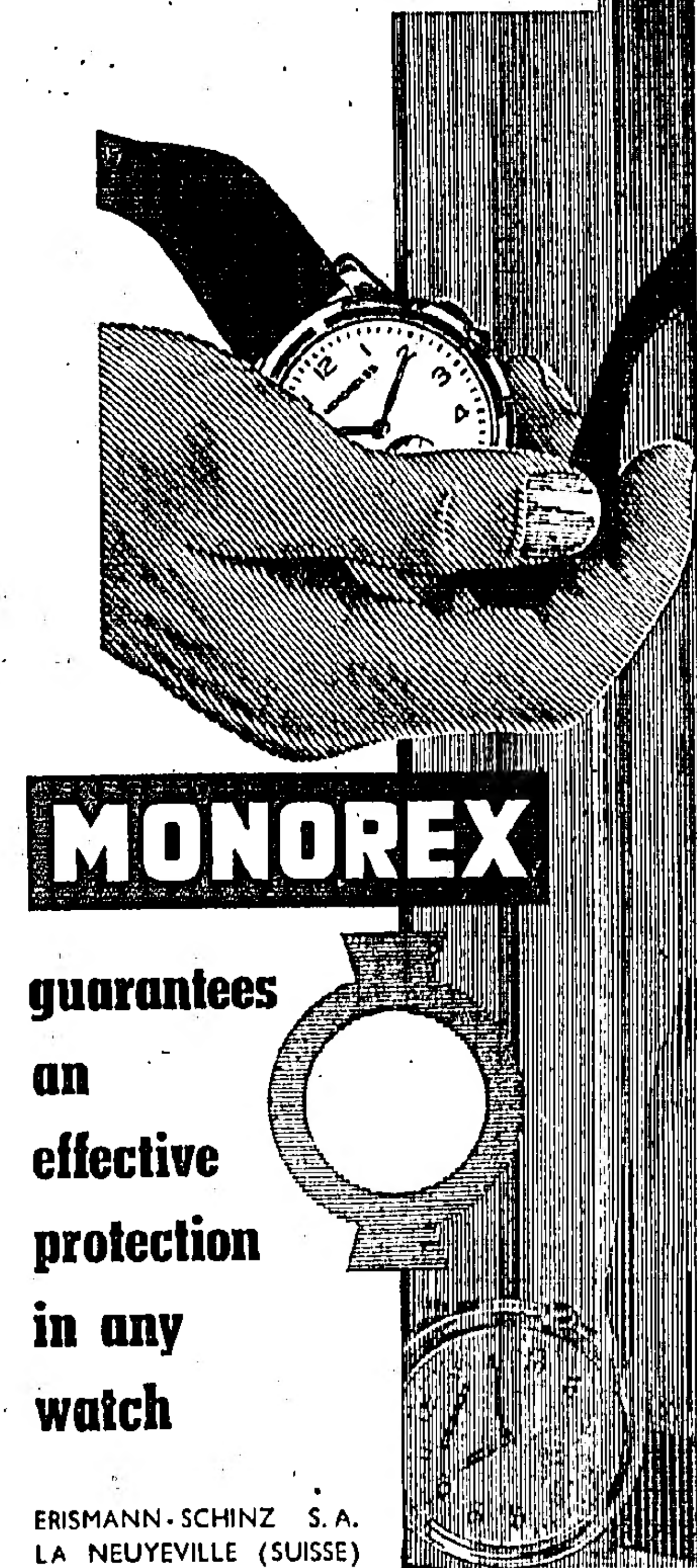
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Parliament's No Man's Land

VISITORS to the British House of Commons often ask about the significance of a narrow pink strip of carpet in front of the first line of benches on both sides. The answer is quite simple. When the debate is in full blast no Socialist or Tory front bencher can advance beyond that warning strip. If he did he would be immediately called to order by Mr Speaker. In fact the space between the two strips is equivalent of no man's land.

The origin of this device is clear to all of us that the Minister's patience was at breaking point. Lening across the Dispatch Box and fixing his gaze on Hugh Gaiskell he said: "The House may remember a saying of Mr Marx Groucho, not Karl—who said 'Sir I never forget a face but I will make an exception in your case'."

Actually there was a moment recently when this long established rule might well have been useful. We were debating the bus strike with all its actual and potential dangers as well as its bad feeling. The Labour Opposition had moved a vote of censure on the Government for its failure to deal adequately and fairly with the demands of the transport workers, and the House was packed.

When the Opposition leader, Hugh Gaiskell, had ended his speech he was followed by Iain Macleod, the Government's Minister of Labour. Macleod hit hard and we could sense the strain that he had undergone, but he was perfectly fair in his analysis of the causes of the strike and in his suggestions for bringing it to an end. But as his speech entered on its final phase he suddenly paused and pointed to Social. Leader Hugh Gaiskell who was sitting directly opposite.

In cold, icy tones the Minister said: "I agree with Mr Gaiskell that the industrial situation is very serious indeed. I have deliberately not launched an attack on him or on the Labour Party, nor have I commented, as I thought at first I would, on the Trade Union Council statement that was issued yesterday."

Macleod paused emboldened. Something pretty tough was coming and we waited for it with mixed feelings. It was

clear to all of us that the Minister's patience was at breaking point. Lening across the Dispatch Box and fixing his gaze on Hugh Gaiskell he said: "The House may remember a saying of Mr Marx Groucho, not Karl—who said 'Sir I never forget a face but I will make an exception in your case'."

"The thrust raised a laugh but only for a moment. The Minister's anger showed that the thrust was merely a prelude to something far removed from humour.

"Perhaps the House will permit me briefly one exception to this," he said, in reference to the Groucho Marx pronouncement. "However carefully I try to frame my words about criticism and not upon his school or his social background. He had neither the grace nor self-satisfaction of the Etonian or Harrovian. His father was a Scottish doctor who, in the great tradition of his race, worked hard and spent little so that he could send his son to Cambridge.

"But how, in the Conservative Party, does a man, without influence or the usual social background rise to the position in his Party that Macleod holds today? Nor is it likely that his climb will stop at his present post. Iain Macleod is just another example of a man who saw his opportunity and was ready for it."

"We are having this debate today," Macleod roared, "because Mr Gaiskell, in a Parliamentary scene on Monday, could not control himself. I do not believe that the Leader of any other party would have allowed this particular debate to take place at the present time. But if the Opposition are to vote tonight in the Lobby let us be quite clear where censure in this

DO YOU KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NARROW STRIP OF CARPET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS?

matter lies. Because of his refusal on Friday to say a single word that would uphold the authority of an arbitration award, because of his mischievous speech over the weekend, if we are to vote tonight then let the censure of the House be on Mr Gaiskell tonight and on the country tomorrow."

I have described this scene at some length because Iain Macleod is one of those Tories whose political future is based entirely upon his own personality and not upon his school or his social background. He had neither the grace nor self-satisfaction of the Etonian or Harrovian. His father was a Scottish doctor who, in the great tradition of his race, worked hard and spent little so that he could send his son to Cambridge.

There was nothing startling about either his military career or his earlier scholastic attainments at school and the University but they revealed two things—he had tenacity and he had a stubborn courage.

And now in the greatest Parliament in the world he was giving a terrific punishment to the Welsh spell-binder—Aneurin Bevan the man with the gift of words and the aura of drama. But perhaps the bravest thing he ever did was to publish a book called "Bridge is an Easy Game". Incidentally he was for a time Editor of the Sunday Times and is one of the best players in Britain.

Yet the lame that centred on him after his pummeling of Aneurin Bevan was to be clouded by domestic sorrow. His wife was stricken with an illness that threatened paralysis. For months she was an invalid, confined to her home, and the flashing eyes of Iain Macleod were dimmed and shadowed. He had been given the toughest job in any Conservative Government—Minister of Labour and he spent his time between his heavy political tasks and being with his stricken wife. But the gods were kind. Mr Macleod began a steady recovery and Iain plunged into the vortex of politics with renewed vigour.

Few of the sons of Scotland have any inherited money and Macleod is not an exception. There were no roses strewn upon his path but plenty of thistles.

But the British Parliament possesses a psychic quality and the news began to spread that a chap named Macleod was making a remarkable speech. The tidings filtered to the smoking room, to the libraries and even to the Terrace. Soon the empty benches were packed with M.P.'s. In fact there was not sitting room for all the members, and it was literally a case of "Standing Room Only" and precious little of that. Even the poets heard about it and crowded the special bench in the gallery which is reserved for members of the House of Lords. Yet Macleod had neither the manner nor the voice of a successful career politician. His voice was hard, rather metallic; and his round face and head left no suggestion of aristocratic lineage. But he had the breeding which has produced so many

of Britain's leaders in every walk of life—the breeding of the Scottish hills and moors.

Macleod was studying for the law when Hitler set the world on fire and he dropped his books and took up a rifle. From the ranks he gained his commission and had risen to the rank of Major when he took part in the D-Day landing. He was wounded in 1940 but had returned to his unit.

There was nothing startling about either his military career or his earlier scholastic attainments at school and the University but they revealed two things—he had tenacity and he had a stubborn courage.

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House of Commons on lines that have nothing to do with party, but purely of age. It is true that the Prime Minister served in the trenches in 1914 and we still have Churchill in our midst but so swift is the flight of years that already the M.P.'s who fought against Hitler are being looked on as veterans even though they lack the venerable quality of those of us who did our fighting against the Kaiser's Germany.

In politics the British distrust youth even though Anthony Eden captured the imagination of the world when he entered Parliament as the handsome Crown Prince of the Conservative political kingdom. At the same time the Tories do not overvalue the ripeness of the years when it comes to leadership, for they remember Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain and Ramsay MacDonald who were destroyed by the strain of events.

As I see it the battle of the next ten years in the British Parliament might resolve itself into a struggle between Iain Macleod and Aneurin Bevan. It may be that Macleod has dreamed of this—and even politicians are entitled to their dreams—for he spends much of

his time off duty with the younger Conservative members, dining with them, talking with them and drilling them for the battle that may be on us sooner than they think.

As for the unheavenly twins—Gaiskell and Bevan—they are deeply courteous to each other in public and I have no reason to believe that courtesy departs when they privately discuss the state of their party. But if either of them was run over by an omnibus assuming that the strike was ended—the grief of the survivor would not drown the world in tears.

One thing, however, unites them. They fear the man Macleod with his background of perridge and the Scottish hills. They fear his intellectual honesty, his sense of dedication, his clarity of mind and his fearlessness of heart. They fear the relentless purpose of his spirit and the Celtic mysticism from which he draws a secret strength.

But would the party and the people accept the leadership of a man without glamour or tradition? Like the man in the Gullipoli I don't know—but I would not rule it out as a possibility.

— Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

A FANATICAL taxidermist said yesterday: "The enormous fish-like monster seen early this morning on the east shore of Loch Ness is either a stuffed whale or a pteropseudonyx—a colossal beast which lived in the Mozambique Strait 3,754,000,000 years ago, and has not been seen since."

Asked if the creature could have recently come overland to Loch Ness, the taxidermist said: "Not without being observed." Asked if many whales are stuffed nowadays, he said: "No. It would be a waste of time. You could hardly stick them above a club mantelpiece without protest."

The epidemic at Narkover

IT was ascertained yesterday that the Narkover house-matron who dispenses red and white wine in lieu of cough mixture at a reasonable price is the aunt of a new boy whose father is the wine merchant supplying the wines. There's such a din of coughing all over the school that you can hardly hear yourself speak. To give an air of genuineness to the racket, the masters who call for a bottle every morning wear mufflers and have their temperatures taken. One anxious mother wrote to the head master complaining that her son had been suffering from a cough ever since the term began, and that the bill for medicine seemed excessively high. Dr. Smart-Allick replied: "The finest medicine from the vineyards of France is an education in itself. We have to keep up this cough stunt because three of the school governors are katooners."

My ear to the ground

A RUMOUR is running like fire through an Oriental bazaar filled with stubble, that

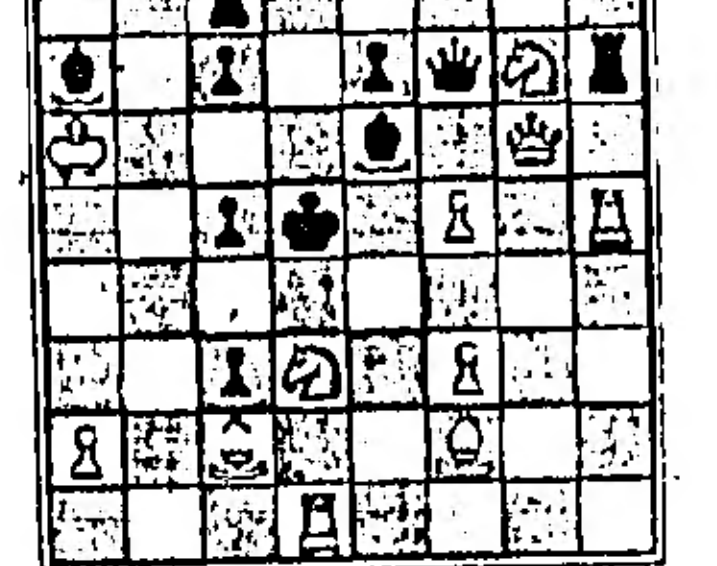
the millions of tons of surplus coal sold by the Cont. Board to the Central Electricity Generating Board are to be re-sold to the Oil Board. The Turnip Board has protested. Said a spokesman: "There are many Boards which need the surplus coal even less than any of those three Boards and could make a worse use of it." The Society for the Preservation of the Severn Tunnel and/or Clifton Suspension Bridge denies any knowledge of the matter.

Well played, sir!

A WRITER says that most triumphs in sport, politics, and business come from the ability to think more quickly than your opponent. That, almost word for word, was the useful utterance of a cannibal chief whose greediest son had been eaten by an explorer.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem by R. Colman (The Liberator, 1923). White to play and mate in two moves.
Solution No. 4421: 1 R-R8 ch, BxR. 2 Q-R7 ch K-B1. 3 QxR ch. R2: 4 Q-Q7 ch K-B2. 5 QxR ch N-Q3. K-R4 mate.
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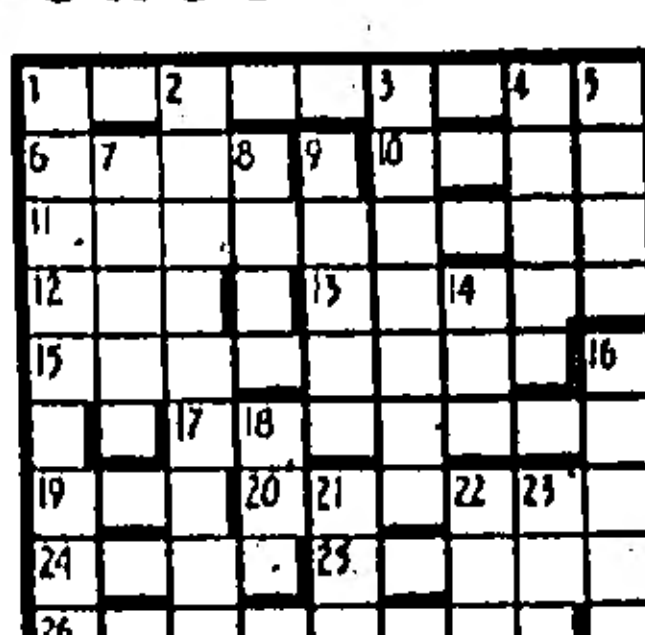
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CROSSWORD



Across
1. Horse. (9)
2. Period of time. (4)
3. Disinfect. (9)
4. Translate. (9)
5. African residents. (5)
6. Gambling game. (4, 4)
7. One in seven. (5)
8. Jerk. (3)
9. Precious metal. (4)
10. Girl's name. (5)
11. Traitor in court? (5, 5)
Down
1. Silver coins. (9)
2. By the foot of it. (9)
3. Publisher's name. (7)
4. Pioneers' land. (6)
5. Goes down. (4)
6. Workers' day. (12, 3)
7. Back. (4)
8. Business. (6)
9. Appear in a. (5)
10. This goes. (5)
11. A. (5)
12. A. (5)
13. A. (5)
14. A. (5)
15. A. (5)
16. A. (5)
17. A. (5)
18. A. (5)
19. A. (5)
20. A. (5)
21. A. (5)
22. A. (5)
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Editor's solution



"I don't care if they don't love him any more because he's engaged—that's the last lot of Tommy Steele we're buying today."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Week-End Weather Forecast:
WARM and SUNNY

By JOY MATTHEWS

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 21

BORN today, you are one of those positive, rather aggressive individuals who always seems to be going somewhere in a hurry. You have a wealth of talent in a number of directions and, because of this, you must be highly selective in your area of concentration. You are gifted in the creative arts, are imaginative and have a sense of drama and poetry. Yet you are essentially a "doer," not a dreamer. Unless some talent can be converted into a practical occupation, you are apt to drop it and go on to something else. Be careful that this habit doesn't make you a good starter—but one who rarely finishes the job!

You have intuitive powers which at times appear to border upon the psychic. Often you can give no reason for your decisions or offer explanations for your sudden actions. You seem to sense such things. If you stick to your guns and are not dissuaded to do otherwise against your better judgment, you will find that you are usually right. You have a sharp sense of humor and a gift for mimicry. Highly critical of the follies of others, you can sometimes hurt them by being too frank.

Although it might appear that your life would be an easy one, this may not be the case. There can be a series of alternating good and bad events which may leave you gasping. However, you have the happy faculty of being able to land on your feet and start right over again in your march toward success. Emotions by nature, you are affectionate and loving. Your marriage should be a happy one.

Among those born on this date were: Rockwell Kent, artist and illustrator; Martha Van Rensselaer, noted Cornell educator; Reinhold Niebuhr, theologian and author; Martha Washington, wife of the first President; Henry Holden Huss, pianist and composer; Henry Guy Carlton, playwright, and Arnold Lucius Gesell, psychologist and pediatrician.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A fine day for a family outing, preferably at the seashore if you live nearby. Enjoy rest and relaxation.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A harmonious, pleasant day for everyone within the family circle. Forget tensions and work pleasantly together.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Take time out to make important future plans. Vacation coming up? See that all arrangements are made.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your happiest Sunday so far this month. Plan activities suitable to the day and enjoy yourself thoroughly.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Some special event can contribute immeasurably to your future welfare and happiness. Make plans now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Your health may need consideration now. Guard against any serious upset. Get some extra rest today.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A friendly contact may lead to making plans for a trip together later in the summer. It could be fun!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Relax and restore physical and mental energies today. Get outdoors. Perhaps this is your vacation. Enjoy it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There is romance in the air, so be prepared to meet that "one and only." Keep any eye out, anyway!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A short trip, if the weather is fine, would build up your energies. There are some busy days ahead for you.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—There may be business affairs that need thoughtful consideration at this time. Be prepared to act later.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—One of those days when personal affairs reach a high peak of success. Probably your best Sunday of the month.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

BORN today, you have a dramatic imagination and can see the unusual, even in the ordinary, everyday affairs of living. Undoubtedly the stage will attract you either as a dramatist, in an acting role, on the producing end or as an observer. In fact, all of the arts appeal to your imagination and you may be proficient in more than one area of artistic expression. Your greatest need will be for narrowing down your interests so that you become proficient in one.

You have a serious case of "gypsy foot" and will enjoy travelling about your own country as well as in foreign lands. It is just possible that you will get this out of your system by middle life and then want to settle down permanently in one spot. Just make sure that the one you wed likes being on the go as much as you do yourself. Otherwise you may find that your interests—and eventually your lives—go off in separate directions.

You seem to have a gift for language and probably will become fluent in several. Since your gift for public speaking as well as your writing ability is outstanding, you will be one of those rare individuals who writes as well as he speaks—or vice versa. This is a happy combination and will make you popular wherever you go. You will make many acquaintances throughout the world, but it is likely that your circle of intimate associates will be small and a closely-knit one. Only those who can contribute something to the group are welcome!

Among those born on this date were: Sir Henry Rider Haggard, novelist; Konrad Gersowicz, and William Raine, authors; Arthur Gilman, educator and founder of Radcliffe College, and Francis Lathrop, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 23

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Minor upsetting delays may cause trouble, so get an early start on the day's work and move cautiously.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—There can be interference with plans you have previously made. Adapt yourself to any changes diplomatically.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be tactful and guard against an impulsive action which can upset well-laid plans. Count to 10 if angry!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Hold to familiar routine for the best results. Postpone decisions on new matters until later.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There are favourable aspects but some delays, so work your plans out carefully ahead of time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Select the best method for doing a job. Cut red tape at the office and benefit from the resulting shortcuts.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Not the time to force issues. Let things evolve naturally and take full advantage of the forward drift.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Be careful when it comes to financial arrangements involving another. All partnership ventures need to be watched.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Tact is of the utmost importance just now. Friction can cause a serious upset unless you are very careful.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Serving others today may bring a feeling of self-satisfaction. Just now, friction can cause a serious upset unless you are very careful.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Don't complain about things as they are. If you don't like them, just set about correcting them.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Avoid taking any health hazard today. Follow through with your regular routine. Avoid new projects until later.

THIS year the news in sun and sea clothes is certainly brief. The leggy look is right for men and women—shorts are shorter, jeans are tighter, and a sun-dress is so short that it has to have its own little pantaloons to make it wearable.

And here, from the left, are some examples:

★ ★ ★

1 The baby doll sun-dress—so short that it is practically shirt and shorts. In red, yellow, or, newer still, black—the outstanding colour on Italian benches this year. Price: £4.

2 The new craze for crochet in France has found its way to the beach. A sleeveless sweater—still the prettiest of all for the sun—in a sun-drenched tangerine with a stand-away collar, striped in white and black. Price: 5 guineas.

3 Drying-up shirt in striped terry towelling that's smart enough for drinks at the Casino after the beach. This year's colour for men, Costa Brava brown, with white stripes and white collar and cuffs.

4 Skin-mil—this one, from Switzerland, shows off a pretty figure. In lemon and orange, the wide straps shift about easily for avoiding zebra stripes. Price: £6 5s.

★ ★ ★

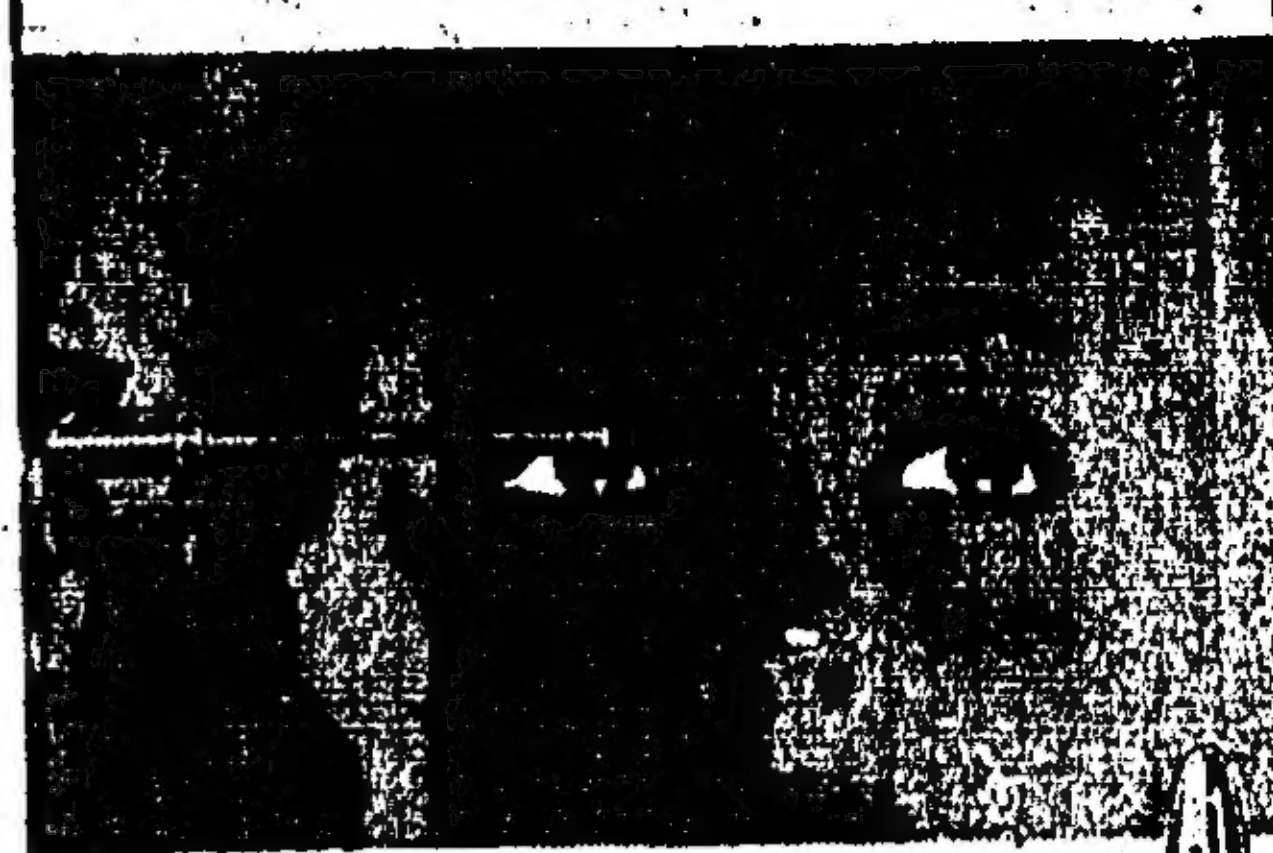
5 Now you see her—now you don't. The bikini girl has a complete cover-up "blouse" that hides that first day out raveness, or shows off that fortnight's sunning. In a jolly, gay print, the bikini fits like a good bikini should—and so it ought to for £11 15s. the set.

6 Something absolutely new. Bright Italian blue poplin shirt—it's front a sort of heavy cotton crochet to give it a more strolling-along-to-Portofino look—with short shorts to match. Six guineas for the shirt, 67s. 6d. for the shorts.

7 Shirt and shorts to shock them—in heavy striped cotton, in light tan, late tan and white. Price, 84s. the shirt, 67s. 6d. the shorts.

8 Short, shorter, shortest of all—the leggy look here is broken only by a brief bikini that narrows to just two inches at the sides. In extra stripes, this suits to the springs swimmers and sunners for 50s.

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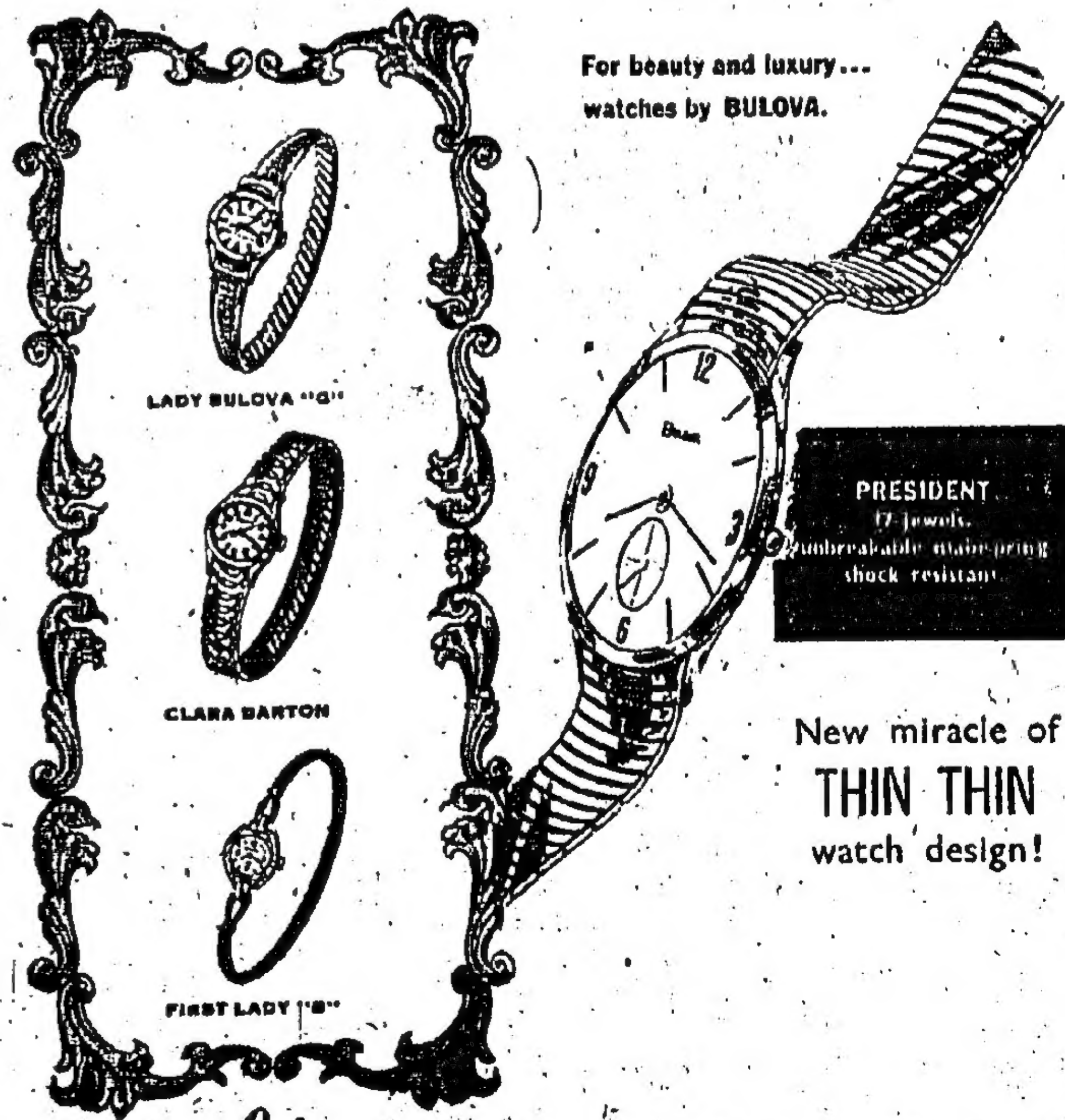
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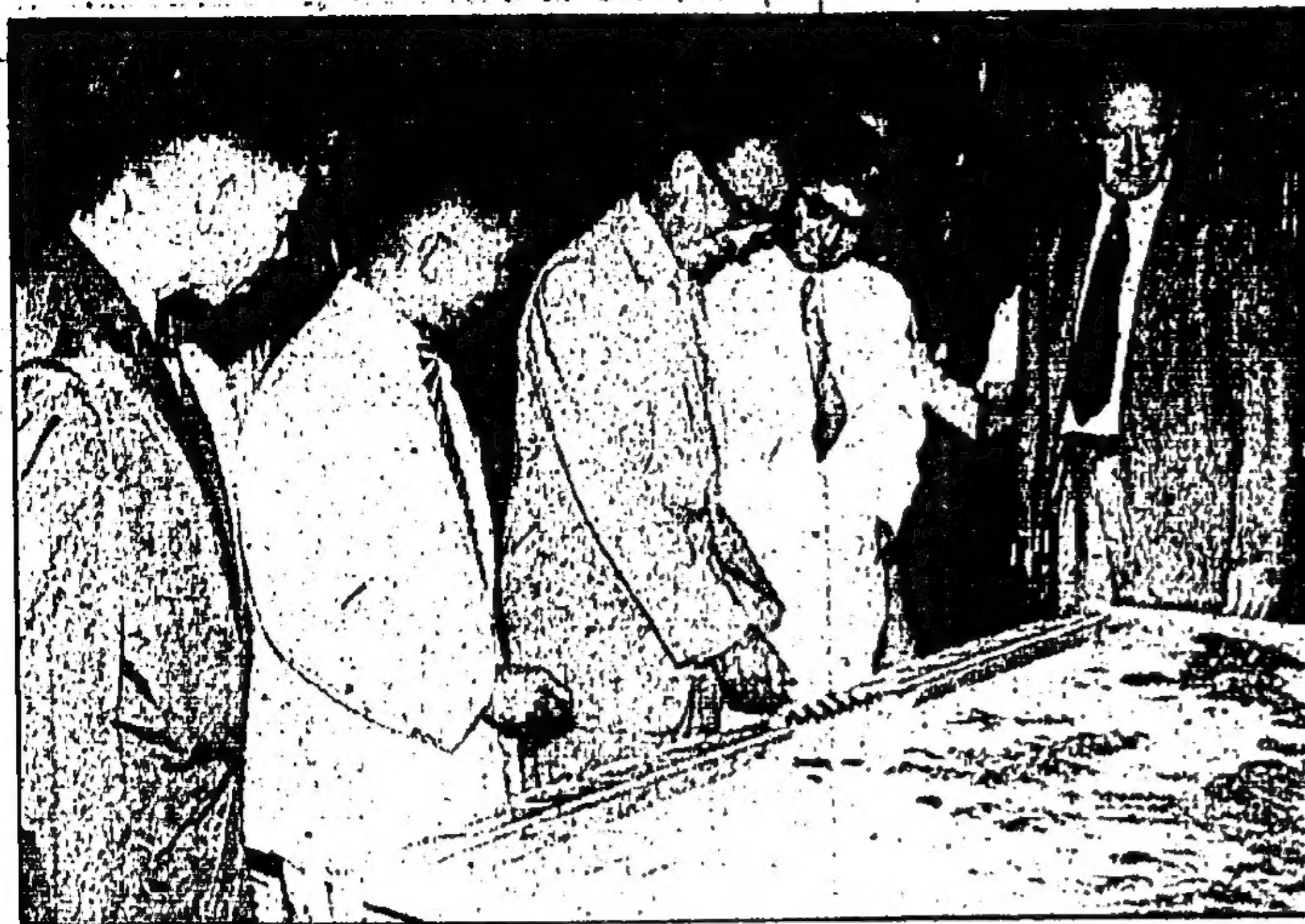
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ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, examines a relief model of Hong Kong, Kowloon and adjacent islands during a recent visit to the Hongkong Tourist Association Centre. He is flanked by (l-r) Mr Peter Tay, Mr Paul Tay, Mr W. G. C. Knowles and Major H. F. Stanley.

RIGHT: Mrs D. E. Greenfield (extreme left), Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, helps herself to curry at Wednesday's luncheon meeting of the group.

BELOW: Mr F. B. Fearon (right) of the Inland Revenue Department, eyes the silver tea set given him on the occasion of his pending retirement. Other retiring members of the Department, who also received mementoes, were (l-r) Mr Leung Tak-wa, Mr Lai Hon-cho and Mr Au Young-chong.



ABOVE: H. W. Forsyth (centre) receives the "A" Division Cup from Mrs F. E. Stock, wife of the Commodore of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club, during last Saturday's presentation of prizes at Kellott Island.



ABOVE: H.E. the Governor and Lady Black gave a tea party at Government House on Wednesday for the participants of the 6th Inter-Varsity Games between the Hongkong University and the University of Malaya. They are seen with Miss Barbara Black (right) greeting the guests.

LEFT: Four more refugees emigrated to the United States on the ss President Wilson last week. They are (l-r): Mr Yang Shing-kwo, Miss Chang Tse-pun, Miss Colson Lok and Mr Victor Ho.



BELOW: A farewell party for Mr R. P. Moodie, Manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, who will retire shortly, was given at Maxim's on Monday by Mr Ho Tim, Chairman of the Chinese Gold and Silver Exchange Society. Pictured are: (l-r) the Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr Ho Tim and Mr Moodie.



Mr and Mrs Jeffrey Sun Hon-kun after their wedding at St Paul's Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Patsy Sui Pak-chi. —Edward Yick Photo.



MR and Mrs Mal-man Fong after their wedding at the Baptist Church, Sterling Road, last Saturday. The bride was the former Miss Hannah Sok-kee Mui.



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THIRTY-SEVEN members of the Montgomery Tour, headed by Mrs G. J. Montgomery, wife of a U.S. Navy attorney in Manila, arrived last Saturday in the ss President Wilson. The group comprises wives and other dependents of U.S. servicemen.

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ABOVE: A scene from the play "The Scholar and the Maid," presented by the nursing and general staff of the Grantham Training Hospital on the institution's first anniversary recently.

★

RIGHT: Mr. Wilson T. S. Wang of the Hongkong Jaycees lays the foundation stone of Peng Chau Island's first health clinic which is being built by the Jaycees and the Islanders' Resident Association.

★

BELOW: Some of the 61 guests who went on Cathay Pacific Airways' courtesy flight around Hongkong, on Monday when the airline introduced its new DC-6B aircraft with a champagne and caviar airborne party. Flight stewardess Juno Rodrigues (back to camera) is seen serving a passenger.



ABOVE: Professor F. S. Drake (second from left) cuts the ribbon at the opening of the Seal Exhibition at the Hongkong Arts and Literature Centre, Man Yee Building, on Monday. Chinese seals by Hongkong and Macao artists were put on display.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: The dragon's head on the bows of one of the boats that will take part in the annual Dragon Festival at Aberdeen this morning. Special "life-giving" ceremonies were held earlier this week when Taoist priests debbed blood from freshly-killed roosters on the dragon heads.



THE Ladies' Recreation Club held a children's swimming gala at the Club's pool last Saturday. Splashing away merrily during one of the events are some of the competitors (above). Mrs. G. P. Norton is seen at left presenting a prize to one of the winners.

★

BELOW: Three boys of the Printing Section of the St James' Settlement run the presses during the opening of the exhibition of the Settlement's activities which was opened at St John's Cathedral Hall on Tuesday.



★ ★
PICTURES
BY
CHINA MAIL
PHOTOGRAPHERS
★ ★

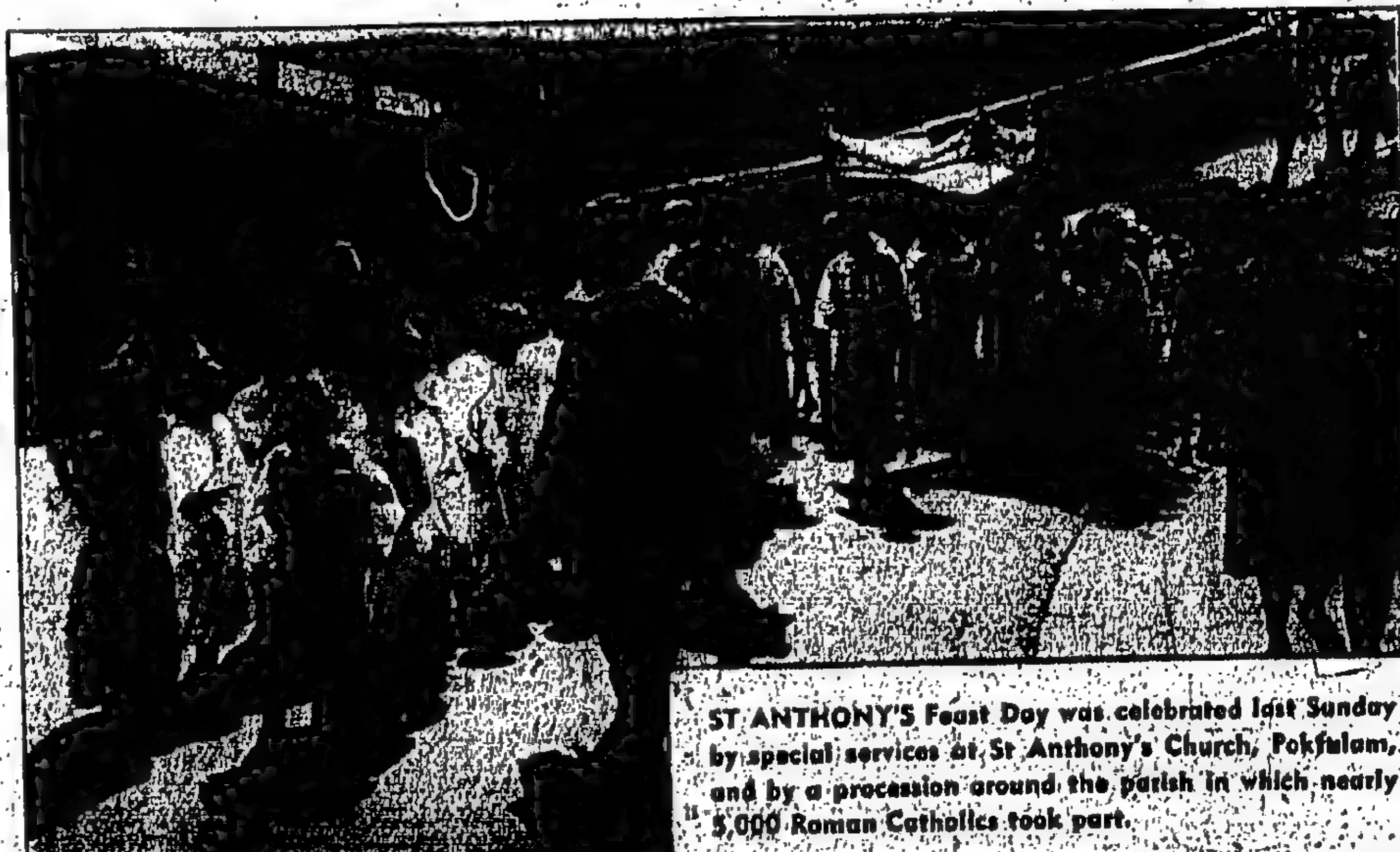


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ST. ANTHONY'S Feast Day was celebrated last Sunday by special services at St. Anthony's Church, Pokfulam, and by a procession around the parish in which nearly 5,000 Roman Catholics took part.

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★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

by Anne
Glidewell

THE MAN who said all wives could save a day a week by more efficient working has proved it. He was challenged by Mrs Patricia Maddison, of Wolverhampton.

Time-and-motion study expert Kenneth Lindon-Travers has just spent a whole day with Mrs Maddison in her home, following her every chore with stop-watch.

The wife under
a stop-watch

BELOW: The time-and-motion study expert Lindon-Travers (centre) and assistant Bill Port put the watch on Mrs. Patricia Maddison



HERE is how Lindon-Travers and his assistant Bill Port created a day of leisure for 31-year-old Mrs Maddison. The Maddisons live in a modern three up and one down, easy to run, semi-detached house. Three children (Diana, 10, Christopher, seven, and Penny, six) go to school, come home for lunch, and then, three, is home all day. The house is half an hour from the nearest shopping centre, 20 minutes from the bus route. Mrs Maddison copes with a family wash for six without a washing machine.

First the house was measured up and an exact scale plan made. Then, stop-watches and charts at the ready, the experts shadowed Mrs Maddison at work for an eight-hour stretch. This was her routine:—

9 a.m. Saw husband off to work, children off to school.

9.10. Started clearing breakfast table, washed up.

9.25. Upstairs to make beds, tidy and dust bedrooms.

9.50. Brushed down stairs.

9.55. Tidied, dusted, vacuumed living-room.

10.20. Did daily washing (two girls' dresses, one boy's shirt, one pair of boy's trousers, one cardigan, five pairs of socks).

11. Ten break.

11.40. Started preparing lunch (shepherd's pie, cauliflower, rhubarb and custard).

11.55. Put grocery order away.

12.17 p.m. Laid table.

12.30. Children home from school.

12.40. Dished up lunch.

1.30. Cleared table.

1.40. Played with Tony in garden.

2.24. Washed up lunch things.

2.40. Stoked up boiler.

2.45. Started ironing (four men's shirts, six pairs of pyjamas, seven pairs of pants, five vests, two tee shirts, six pillowcases, 18 handkerchiefs, one slip, one apron, one tea towel, two tablecloths).

4.6. Made batch of buns and currant cake.

4.47. Ten break.

4.55. Started preparing children's tea.

So quick

THIS was Ken Travers' general comment on the way she worked: "Mrs Maddison is a hard worker. And she's quick. I thought she was particularly good on the washing-up, which she did in a methodical, well-thought-out way, washing-up on to the left-hand draining-board, then rinsing the dishes and stacking them on the right."

"Her ironing session was a marathon. She got through an enormous amount in 72 minutes. The main fault in her housework routine is not the way she works but the layout of her kitchen and the general lack of storage space in her home."

"In the whole house, there are only three cupboards—a

wardrobe in the main bedroom, a small brush cupboard under the stairs and a china cupboard in the kitchen.

"During the day Mrs Maddison spent 60 per cent of her time in the kitchen. But the kitchen layout with three doors breaking up the wall space is frankly impossible."

"Although Mrs Maddison is slim, she only just manages to squeeze between the kitchen table and footbox to get at her larder door. She badly needs some cupboards on the wall for storing dry goods and china and a continuous working surface round one corner of her kitchen with more cupboards below."

"I suggest doing away with the larder altogether."

Fatigue

HERE are some of his detailed comments on different jobs:—

Bed making: Time spent, 8 minutes, 30 seconds. This included a considerable amount of unnecessary walking. Mrs Maddison walked 85ft. making the double bed when she need only have walked 24ft.

Mopping and dusting. Ineffective. Mrs Maddison hardly ever shook her duster out and tended to push the dust around rather than mop it up.

Clearing refuse. There was no refuse bin, so Mrs Maddison had to walk down the garden three times to throw potato and shubard peelings, etc., on the compost heap.

Food preparation. Carried out on a table only 28 inches high,

which is six inches too low for anyone Mrs Maddison's height (5ft. 2½ in.). This caused her unnecessary fatigue.

She walked a quarter of a mile preparing lunch, a simple meal, simply because she kept her utensils in so many different places.

Clothes washing. Total time, 31 minutes 51 seconds. It would save time if larger basins were washed less frequently if possible.

Ironing. Carried on for too long a period, which resulted in Mrs Maddison slowing up by 30 per cent after 45 minutes. We suggest shorter sessions.

Saving

LINDON-TRAVERS praised Mrs Maddison for her hard work. But his (triumphant) general conclusion was this: "By improving the layout of her kitchen on the lines I have suggested and cutting down excess movement she could have saved 47 minutes on this day."

"She could easily save more time on other days—and so the equivalent of a day each week—by cutting out her two weekly shopping trips with Tony in his pram and by getting her husband to take her shopping in the car on Saturday."

LAST WORD BY LINDON-TRAVERS: "This business of planning the household work isn't only a woman's problem. Husbands could help enormously by seeing that their homes are properly equipped. Men might remember that investing in some labour-saving equipment is one way of getting out of the washing-up."

Scampi Is Served
In The Drawing
Room

THIS week I have been lucky to find a woman who has some outstanding ideas on party-giving methods as well as good food.

Mrs Nuala Allason, wife of Lieut-Colonel James H. Allason, the Conservative candidate for Hemel Hempstead, is a devoted cook.

In her busy life she still finds time to attend cookery and demonstrations, tries out new ideas, changes dishes to suit herself, then writes them in her large thumb-index book as suitable for parties.

I met Mrs Allason in the gracious pine-panelled drawing-room of her beautiful early-Georgian house in Cheyne Walk.

HELEN
BURKE

even, basting the ham with white wine.

"I like to serve my own version of Cumberland sauce with the ham. It is good, hot or cold."

Here is the recipe for the sauce:

"I do not want to appear to be one of those 'grand hostesses,'" she said, "because I am not. I give informal parties for from 10 to 35 people, where my guests help themselves—but my parties are a little different. I serve the first course in the drawing-room."

"Isn't that a lot more work?" I asked. (The drawing-room is on the floor above the dining-room.)

"Not at all, because here I serve such things as fried scampi on sticks, with green mayonnaise, or decent-sized squares of smoked salmon, or shrimp croquettes, also on sticks, so that all help themselves."

"It is something, these days, to meet a woman who cooks everything herself and enter-

Put into a saucepan half cup red-currant jelly, half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon good stock or meat extract, one tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, a pinch of ground clove, one tablespoon orange peel in half-inch shreds, the juice of one to two oranges and half lemon.

Heat together until the jelly is melted. Add a glass of port. Blend one teaspoon cornflour with one tablespoon cold water. Stir into the sauce and boil up.

★ ★ ★

A Spanish dish Mrs Allason is fond of is paella, made from rice, chicken and lobster. One is enough for six to eight people.

"This is a wonderful party dish," said Mrs Allason. "I got the recipe from the cook of my business on a visit to Spain. I sat in the kitchen and watched every move she made."



Mrs. ALLASON... recipes into the party book.

tain as if she did not. Something, too, to find one who loves cooking (and I presume, eating), who has two sons, Julian, aged 10, and Rupert, 8½, and yet has herself the figure of a slim "teenager."

"When we have finished with the first course," Mrs Allason went on, "and when everybody seems to know everybody, we go down to the dining-room, where I have my buffet." (The buffet is built into the pine-panelled walls.)

"Sometimes, when the party is a large one, we have an 'overflow' buffet in this small room." (Another panelled side leading off from the main room.)

"I take it that they sit down for these foods?"

"Of course. We have tables set for eight and four. When guests have helped themselves, they find their own places."

Sometimes Mrs Allason serves hot roast turkey with baked ham coated with a mustard and brown sugar crust.

"We estimate the time for completely cooking the ham, then gently simmer it for just short of that time. We then peel off the skin and, having cut the shallowest possible lattice pattern on the fat, cover it with mustard and sugar and insert a clove in each lattice space. We finish off the cooking in the

"Start by soaking a good pinch of saffron in a tablespoon of warm water. Chop an onion and crush two cloves of garlic and gently cook them, without colouring, in a little chicken or pork fat."

"Add four to five tablespoons of olive oil and two cups of unwashed rice and stir all together until a pale gold. Now add enough chicken stock to cover the rice, pepper and salt to taste and the strained saffron. Stir to blend all."

"Cook together for a few minutes then bury pieces of bottled chicken in the rice and half bury pieces of lobster cut across the shell. On top, put some of those lovely large Mediterranean prawns and, when available, mussels which have been opened in the usual way on their half shells."

★ ★ ★

"Add also three skinned and decored red sweet-peppers cut in quarters, three quartered tomatoes, a cup each of French beans and peas and some black olives. Add, too, the strained mussel stock. Add a little more stock or water if the mixture seems too dry."

"Transfer the pan to a moderately hot oven (275 to 400 degrees Fahr. or Regulo 4 to 5) and cook until the liquor has been absorbed by the rice, which should not be at all sticky. That, followed by a bowl of green salad, is very good."

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THE MOSQUITO PROBLEM IS YOUR CONCERN, TOO

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

MOSQUITOES are pretty much like the weather: everybody talks about them, but nobody does a great deal about them.

Oh, I know! that many communities conduct extensive mosquito control programmes and many of these are highly successful. But except for slapping at one of the pests who happens to be biting you, most of you do little about ridding your own neighbourhood of these hungry insects. Mosquitoes are your enemies.

STAMP THEM OUT

Like an enemy, they should be stamped out as thoroughly as possible. Killing one or two here and there helps, of course, especially if accomplished early in the season. But you can do a lot more simply by eliminating any mosquito breeding places around your home.

Mosquitoes require water. Because of this, you should remove all rain barrels, stagnant pools, even tin cans from around your home. In short, get rid of anything that can collect water. Although mosquitoes do not actually reproduce in shubard and tall grass, they frequently can be found nesting there.

SPRAY SCREENS

Best way to keep them out of your house, of course, is to keep windows and doors screened.

As an added precaution, you can spray the screens with aerosols such as DDT and pyrethrum.

These aerosols are also good for spraying the inside of the house. For best results, close all windows and doors tightly while you spray and keep them closed for about 15 minutes after you have finished the job.

This will give the insecticide enough time to destroy the insects wherever they may be hiding.

A little thought early in the season will prevent a lot of annoying itching later on.

C-O-O-L

COOL and creamy in a big glass tumbler—that's the way some people like their milk best. But even the best things are boring if you don't vary them from time to time.

Lorna MacLean runs the soda fountain in a Piccadilly store, and spends a lot of her time dreaming up new milk drinks. Some are rich and filling enough to be a whole dessert on their own. Others are pleasant, cooling

drinks for hot, summer days.

They're easier to make if you have a mixer but, if you haven't, an egg-beater and a strong arm are just as effective.

In order of sheer caloric richness, here are her suggestions:—

Blackcurrent milk. Beat a big tablespoonful of blackcurrent syrup into half a pint of milk, chill and serve.

Choffee. Make a dessert-spoonful of chocolate syrup with sweet chocolate powder and

a little milk, beat into half a pint of milk, add a little coffee essence, and serve cool with a blob of chocolate ice cream on top.

Honeyed Egg. Beat a sort of super-mug. Beat a raw egg and a large spoonful of runny honey into a half pint of milk, together with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Looks pale, rich and creamy.

Shake Float. Nicest is strawberry flavoured. One scoop of ice-cream is beaten into milk — another is dropped in to float on top.



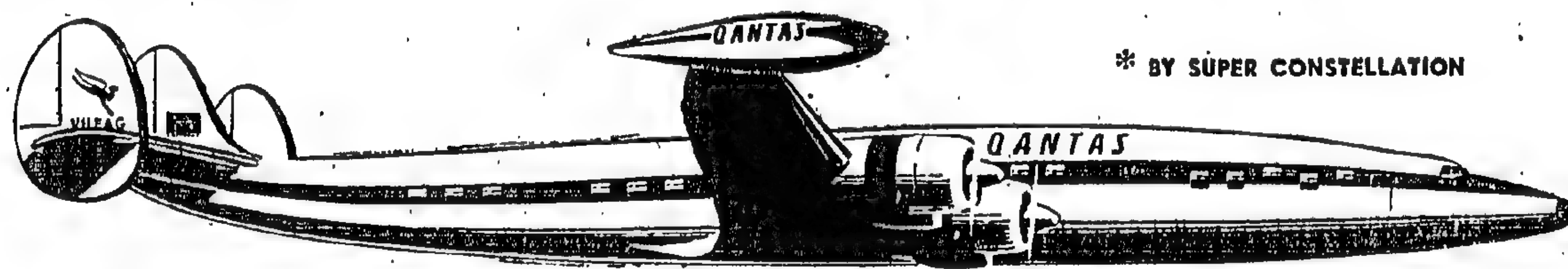
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **SHOW BUSINESS** ★ ★ ★ ★

MISS LOREN: "Being a star is not important."

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WAS SIR EDMUND IN THE RACKET?

I HAVE been investigating the tantalising case of the Ghost, the Forger, and the Lady from Texas. A case involving mass fraud; thefts from the British Museum; and the snapping and snarling of elderly scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. A case which could one day over-topple one of the biggest literary reputations of the modern age.

First let us deal with the Ghost. It is a very refined and respected ghost indeed; the ghost of a little, fragile man with glinting spectacles and bird-like poise. His name: Sir Edmund Gosse.

This week, 30 years after his death, Edmund Gosse would be in the news even if it wasn't for the case of forgery. For his greatest book—**FATHER AND SON** (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.)—is republished for the first time in this decade.

Gosse's book describes his extraordinary life with Father, a member of the Plymouth Brethren. It is utterly candid, but full of a sad, subtle humour too.

Take the incident of the Christmas pudding. Papa Gosse abominated Christmas on religious grounds. ("The very word is Popish," he explained.)

He gave strict orders that no difference whatever was to be made in meals on Christmas Day. But one year the Gosse servants made a secret plum pudding and wheeled young Edmund into the kitchen for a bite.

Edmund got stomach-ache. Smitten by conscience he raved crying, "Oh, Papa, Papa, I have eaten of the flesh offered to idols!"

Gosse continues:—

"My father sternly said: 'Where is the accused thing?' He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the middle of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass."

AT HEART

But Gosse makes it plain that his father was at heart a kind and loving man. And his religion had its lighter moments too.

Take his encounters with the orphan man, Lonely Little Edmund used to watch with his face pressed against the window for this tall and bony fellow from Jersey to come, striding along the London streets.

The man carried ropes of onions, and cried raucously:—

"Here's your rope... To hang the Pope... And a penworth of cheese to choke him!"

Gosse writes:—

"My father did not eat onions, but he encouraged this terrible fellow with his wild eyes and long strips of hair because of his 'bodily attitude towards the Pope'; and I used to watch him dart out of the front door, present his penny, and retire, graciously waving back the proffered onion."

AN AUTHORITY

Such was Edmund Gosse's childhood. The book ends with his break with his father's religion at the end of adolescence.

But the rest of Edmund's life was very different. Assiduously he cultivated the friendship of all the big poets and novelists of the time.

He was made Librarian of the House of Lords. His essays made him known as the big authority on books. He enjoyed good wine and the company of aristocratic ladies.

He was knighted by George V. When he died in 1928, society mourned; rich and titled men and women signed an appeal for a Gosse memorial.

Which brings me to the Forger in the case.

For one of the men who signed that appeal was Thomas J. Wise, soap merchant and book collector. Wise and Gosse had been bosom friends.

DISCOVERED

Together they searched Britain for rare books. Together they ransacked the papers of Algernon Swinburne when they both died. But after Gosse's death an unparalleled scandal broke over the broad, gold-rimmed head of Thomas Wise.

Two scholars, John Carter and Graham Pollard, discovered that for years a forger had been at work in the book world. Dozens of bogus first editions had been fabricated and sold to rich collectors. Typical was the case of a precious volume of sonnets by Elizabeth Browning, printed privately in Reading in 1847.

Carter and Pollard examined the pages of the slender 1847 volume. They found that paper of that sort had not been manu-

factured before 1874. They examined the type. They discovered that certain letters had not been cut before 1880.

They discovered that the volume had not been printed in Reading, but at a printer's in the Strand.

The scholars then turned to 50 other precious editions, of authors ranging from Tennyson to Dickens. They found that they too were fakes, that almost all of them had been printed at the same printer's in the Strand.

THE EVIDENCE

Who had arranged for the printing? All the paths of evidence led to one man, Thomas J. Wise. He had his own printing done at the place in the Strand. Again and again he claimed to have changed upon the bogus volumes in book-shops.

He helped to sell them to American millionaires. And as each rare edition went up in price at the auctions, Wise or one of his friends somehow unearthed further copies.

But how is Edmund Gosse involved in all this?

Ah, that is where the Lady from Texas comes in. She is Miss Fannie Ratchford from the University of Texas. In the 1940's she took over the investigation where Carter and Pollard left off.

She relied on the role played by Gosse.

That role was most important in the year when Wise began his career of faking. At that



time everyone thought, quite rightly, that Elizabeth Browning's early love sonnets were first published in a collected edition in 1850. How could Wise get his bogus 1847 edition accepted? Out of the blue the solution occurred.

EXONERATED

In an essay the great critic, Edmund Gosse, revealed a new secret about his old buddy, Robert Browning. According to this essay, Browning once privately told a friend about a special limited edition of Elizabeth's sonnets; it was printed in Reading; the date a few months after their wedding in autumn 1846.

Browning—said Gosse's essay—deliberately asked his friend not to disclose the secret until after his death.

Who was this convenient friend of Browning's who reported a conversation which never took place about an edition which never existed? In later years (long before the Wise scandal broke, of course) Gosse admitted that he was the friend himself.

What was the explanation? Carter and Pollard exonerated Gosse from guilt. They suggested that Wise had somehow fished him off with the false anecdote.

But the Lady from Texas was not satisfied. She pointed out

Papa Gosse abominated Christmas... he stalked out and flung the 'idolatrous confectionery' into the ashes.

that Gosse stuck to his version of the anecdote all his life. And she pointed out a strange flaw in it.

Browning wrote openly about his most intimate affairs. Why should he ask Gosse not to mention the simple matter of an early edition until after his death?

Obviously it was a piece of mystification which Gosse had deliberately invented. Obviously Gosse was somehow trying to help Wise with his fraud.

Such was Fannie Ratchford's powerful case. Yet when she printed it in 1944 a load of abuse from bookish men descended on her head.

Why? During the week I met Miss Ratchford, who is visiting Britain for further research into the Wise affair.

AN UPSTART

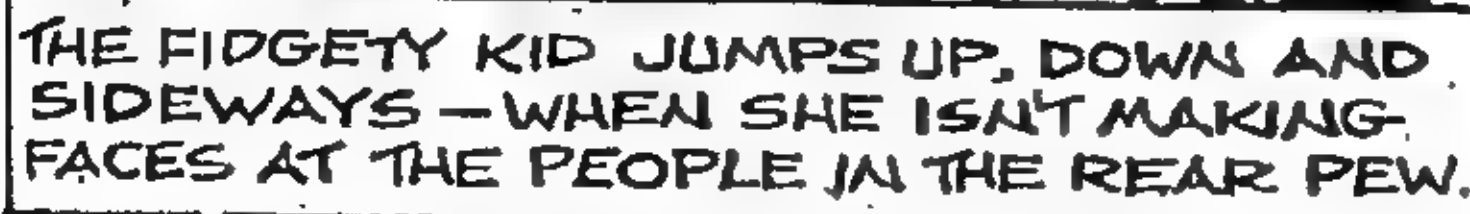
In a South Kensington hotel we talked about the pages which Wise cut from old books at the British Museum, and which are now incorporated in volumes he sold to America.

We talked about his motive. (Wise may have made about 100,000 dollars from the whole affair.) Finally I asked her: "Why do you think you were so abused for blaming Gosse?"

Fannie Ratchford said: "Well, no one minded Wise being called a forger. You see, he was not an educated man; he was an upstart. But Gosse was Librarian of the House of Lords; he was knighted."

Mrs Ratchford sighed. She went on: "Now I've never thought of a knight or a baronet being likely to be more honest than anyone else. 'Although'—she waved a hand round at Kensington—"I seem to have landed among a whole nest of them here."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



The Fidgets



RECORD ROUND by RAMSDEN GREIG

Mr. WAYNE HERALDS A NEW LINE

The boy who takes over from Jerry Lee Lewis comes riding in without a gimmick



TERRY WAYNE
Wholesome as a bread ad.

THE little man in the Denmark Street bar was carrying a worried expression and, at a rough guess, half a bottle of gin. He was a publicity man, currently employed to boost the sales of gramophone records and sing the praises of those who make them.

In the curious accent of Tin Pan Alley, he said: "Boy, the day of the gimmicks is over. Gimmicks and stunts have got out of hand. Look what happens to the Jerry Lee Lewis gimmick of having a child wife. The kids were disgusted and sent Mr. Lewis packing."

Talent

"The situation which is about to obtain at any moment is that artists will have to forget about gimmicks and rely on talent. I tell you, boy, the teenagers are getting wised-up and will no longer fall for the phony stories."

For too long Denmark Street has reeked of the cooked-up story. It is about time that the recording star got his golden disc on talent and not on the fact that his forebears were Cherokee Indians or that he has a revolting anatomical wiggle.

Which brings us to Terry Wayne, who comes riding in on this fresh breeze.

Mr Wayne, who has replaced Mr Lewis on a tour of the Rank Organisation cinemas, is present to us by the publicity men as good, clean and wholesome.

He is 16 years old, and he comes from Plumstead. He has 706 discs in his record collection, and, dutifully, he sits down every morning for four hours to practise his guitar.

He does not drink, he does not smoke, he does not swear, and he has not married any children recently.

Our new style recording star speaks ill of no one. I quote him on the man whose place he

has taken on tour: "Crileky, I think Jerry Lewis is terrific. If he had stayed in the show I'd have gone to see him when the show reached Woolwich."

It is country and Western is your kind of music I recommend. Mr Wayne's latest on Loneome Mo (Columbia 78). His gimmickless treatment of the number is refreshing. On the other side you will find There's Only One of You. This is run-of-the-mill rock-n-billy.

Twenty-four years ago Louis Armstrong made his first European tour. When he got to Paris he recorded St. Louis Blues, Tiger Rag and On the Sunny Side of the Street. You'll find them on Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra (Fontana 45). This vintage Salchmo is clean-as-a-whistle stuff and is a must for the collector of traditional jazz.

My Best Buy of the Week: Trumpet Blues (Nixa 78). Kenny Baker and Orchestra give a spirited rendering of the Harry James composition. Equally energetic is the treatment given to the flip-side, number Bakoriko Non-Stop, a Kenny Baker original.

(London Express Service).

By Harry Weinert



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

JIMMY'S MODERN ELECTRIC MIRACLE

THE mower stopped, and Jimmy Nichols saw his father get down and stoop over something on the ground. "What's wrong, Dad?" he called. "Old mower break again?"

Jimmy, a sturdy Future Farmer of America, was rick-ing up the hay, and thinking how badly they needed a combine. But he went over when his father called to see what was wrong.

Mr. Nichols turned his lean, tanned face toward his son. "Look, I've partly destroyed a wild duck's nest," he said sadly. "The eggs are still warm, but the mother duck will not come back to them again."

The nest, made of leaves and dry grass and lined with down, had been a comfortable place. There were six eggs, all whole. "Too bad," Jimmy sympathized. "Maybe Mother can think of some way to save the ducklings. I'll take the eggs to the house."

But Mrs. Nichols, a bustling, merry woman, was not much help.

"None of my hens are setting now, son, and it wouldn't pay to run the incubator for just a few duck eggs that may not hatch. You might as well throw them away," she said.

Out on the back porch, Jimmy thought hard. He wanted to save the ducklings—but how? He knew the eggs had to be kept warm and that they must be turned each day. He recalled hearing about people wearing eggs in a belt around their waists till they hatched, but for an active farm boy, that was impossible.

★ ★ ★
"Somewhere that they can be warm, not hot," he mused. Then he thought of just the place.

In the week that followed, Jimmy's mother remarked on how often he went to the basement. But he only smiled. He was reading about ducks in spare moments. He found that the mother duck promptly leads them to water as soon as the ducklings can travel, and that they swim easily before they can fly.



"Looks as though my job is just beginning," he told himself. "The eggs should hatch in three more weeks."

Then something happened. "One of my prized possessions is missing," Mrs. Nichols told him excitedly one morning, "and not only has the house been robbed, it's haunted, too. I distinctly heard something peeping in the basement."

"What?" Jimmy shouted. He raced through the kitchen, plunged down the basement

stairs and stopped to listen. There was no doubt of it. The ducks had hatched out. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols came hurrying down, asking, "What is it?"

"A modern miracle," Jimmy told them in awed tones, pointing.

"My electric skillet," Mrs. Nichols cried. "Then it wasn't stolen." She raised the lid to disclose three newly hatched ducklings and three very active eggs.

★ ★ ★
"And in just one week," Jimmy marveled. "That's modern science for you."

Mr. Nichols laughed. "That's a mother duck for you. She must have sat on those eggs for three weeks. But it does you credit, son. Did you remember to turn them?"

"Every single day, Dad," Jimmy picked up a downy duckling. "And my work isn't over. Soon now I'll have to lead these web-feet to water. And I still say it's a miracle that these babies can swim."

—M. S. SHELTON

Just The Type



Come on men, get with it . . . This thing has to work somehow . . . It's just a case of finding the right button to push.

HERE'S a five-member team of writers getting busy on a strange contraption that they've never seen before. But they are slowly tiring out. The pup on the left suddenly finds he's dog-tired. The one on the right has already given up and gone to sleep.

Giraffes must like to stand up tall. And look way down below. At creatures far away and small. To see them come and go. Sometimes I think I'd like to be A tall giraffe, and stand And reach my head up in a tree. But, on the other hand; If he must wash his neck each day. That seems too much to ask. And so, in truth, I have to say I wouldn't want his task.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

A Visit To Baghdad

—Aladdin's Magic Even Surprises Mr. Merlin—

By MAX TRELL

HAVING made themselves small (for they could make themselves any size they pleased), Knart and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, and Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, crawled inside the big book that was lying on the top of the desk.

It was a Geography Book, filled with maps and pictures of cities and mountains and rivers and oceans and people wearing strange clothes and speaking strange languages.

It was dark inside the book and, for several minutes, neither Knart nor Hanid knew where they were going. They seemed to be floating through the air. Far, far off they caught a glimpse of the sun just rising above the horizon.

Old, Old City
But Mr. Merlin said: "We're going to an old, old city and we're going to meet some people who I'm sure you've heard about."

Before they had a chance to ask Mr. Merlin any more, Knart and Hanid landed with a gentle bump on the ground.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Merlin. "We're in Baghdad!"

What a noisy place it was! The narrow streets were filled with merchants shouting out their wares.

"Buy my oranges!" shouted one. "Buy my dates and figs!" shouted another one. "Buy shoes!" cried a third.

Peddlers moved about with big casks of lemons on their backs, calling out: "Lemonade! Buy my lemonade!"

Wore Funny Clothes
"What funny clothes everyone is wearing!" Hanid said to Mr. Merlin.

The clothes were indeed much different from the clothes that people wear nowadays. The men wore sandals and big wide pants and cloaks across their shoulders. Instead of hats they wore turbans or little red hats called Fezzes.

WORD SQUARE

When you rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word, then rearrange the rows correctly, you'll find your answer reads the same down as across:

A	O	L	R	V
E	O	P	R	S
A	E	R	T	V
E	R	S	T	
E	E	O	P	L

WORD CHAIN

Can you change SOFT to HARD in just five moves by changing only one letter at a time and having a good word on each change? Puzzle Pete says he changed F to H, S to P, O to A, T to D, and F to H.

TRIANGLE

EAGLETS provide a basis for Puzzle Pete's word triangle. The second word is "an Egyptian sun god"; third "a girl's nickname"; fourth "to relate"; fifth "a state of mind"; sixth "to soften in temper." Complete the triangle from these clues:

E					
A					
G					
L					
E					

EAGLETS (Solutions on Page 20)

BRAIN TEASER

AT FIRST GLANCE, the words below seem a noisy lot. But on closer examination you will find each word can be identified as one of the objects in the second group. How many can you match?

1. Ring. 2. Pop. 3. Snap. 4. Crash. 5. Tap. 6. Boom. 7. Bang. 8. Bark. 9. Roll. 10. Crow. 11. Crackling. 12. Tick. 13. Grunt. 14. Toll. 15. Bel-

lows. a. Mitelike insect. b. Kind of fish. c. A faucet. d. Circle of

metal. e. Crisp rind of roasted pork. f. Father's nickname. g. Wind pumping instrument. h. Kind of cookie. i. Payment for passing over a bridge. j. Bread pun. k. Heavy linen fabric. l. Part of a sailboat. m. Hair cut short across the front. n. A black bird. o. Covering of a tree.

1. Ring. 2. Pop. 3. Snap. 4. Crash. 5. Tap. 6. Boom. 7. Bang. 8. Bark. 9. Roll. 10. Crow. 11. Crackling. 12. Tick. 13. Grunt. 14. Toll. 15. Bel-

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HOW JET ENGINES OPERATE

WHEN YOU BLOW UP A BALLOON AND LET IT GO, IT ACTS LIKE A JET ENGINE.

A RAM-JET IS THE SIMPLEST JET ENGINE. SOMETIMES IT'S CALLED A "FLYING SMOKEPIPE".

A REGULAR JET ENGINE HAS A COMPRESSOR TO FEED AIR TO FLAME UNDER HIGH PRESSURE.

A RAM-JET CAN BE STARTED BY TOWING AT HIGH SPEED THEN IGNITING THE JET FUEL WITH AN ELECTRIC SPARK.

EVEN REGULAR JET ENGINES ARE SIMPLE AND HAVE FAR FEWER MOVING PARTS THAN MOST OTHER ENGINES.

—BILL ARTER

What To Look For In A Career

BECAUSE SO many fellows and girls I know are thinking about journalism as a career, I wrote to a top analyst, editor and author to find out what he could advise young people about such a career.

★ ★ ★
I chose H.V. Kaltenborn because he has received so many top-flight awards in journalism. They include the Gold Plaque for best foreign radio reporting (1930) and citations from the Midwest School of Journalism at Northwestern University (1933), a Certificate of Merit from the National Federation of Press Women (1939) and many similar awards from other big and famous organizations. He was very gracious in answering my inquiry. What



he said should, I think, be passed along to others. So here it is, quoted exactly from his letter:

"I have been interested in journalism from the time I was able to read and write. I began reporting local items for the Merrill, Wis. News when I was 12 years old. Not long afterwards I became a reporter on the Merrill Advocate and this was the real beginning of my journalistic career."

★ ★ ★
"While I was a soldier in the Spanish-American War I was correspondent for the Milwaukee Journal, the Merrill Advocate and a German weekly called the Lincoln County Anzeiger."

"I believe that unless a youngster has a keen interest in doing newspaper work, he

should not attempt it. It is a calling where the reward consists chiefly in the pleasure of the occupation."

In that respect, H.V. Kaltenborn concurs with many people in other fields when it comes to career choosing. They agree that you must like what you are doing as very much as you consider the pleasure of the work more important than what money you might be able to make at that job.

If you like your chosen career in that way, it usually follows that you are successful. And if you are successful the money angle usually takes care of itself.

One more word of advice . . . start in your career as early as possible.

—EVELYN WITTER

Jumbo Dominoes Are Fun To Make And Use

THEY are very simple to make and you don't have to have any special tools to turn out a first-rate job.

First, I went down to visit the owner of the neighbourhood fruit and vegetable store. I asked him to make and use some fruit boxes for me. He gave me a number of skills to turn out a first-rate job.

I scraped the labels off. If you wet the labels you will find they can be scraped off very easily. It doesn't affect the final product.

Then cut out blocks of wood in the following dimensions with a small saw:

5 1/2 inches in length
3 inches wide
Thickness of wood about 3/4 inch.

Sandpaper came next and every rough edge and surface of these blocks was smoothed off. Wrap a piece of sandpaper around a block of wood and you will find it very easy to use.

★ ★ ★
There are two ways of making the dots that appear on the surface of a domino. You must draw guide lines for them. So divide the block in half. (I cut fine lines to show the two halves of each domino.)

With a No. 8 drill you can drill out the holes. You do not go through the wood but deep enough so that the hole is visible.

Now for the other way to make the dots: I bought a box of upholstery tacks. Then with an awl I made the guide holes. An upholstery tack was placed into position and hammered down. When you are finished, you thus have the numbers on the face of each domino.

If you want to finish them off with varnish you can do so. Or you can paint them black.

JUMBO DOMINOES MADE FROM FRUIT BOXES

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

★ ★ ★

A regulation set of dominoes will serve as a pattern to that you'll know how to number them. Get all your friends to help you. This can even become a family project.

If you have a cellar recreation room in your house, you can use these dominoes the next time you have a party. If you haven't enough tables, don't worry. The players just sit on the floor.

If you go on a picnic, take them with you. Sit down on the ground and spread out a large cloth on the ground so that you will not get them soiled.

—HAROLD GLUCK



HISTORIANS SAY THAT AMERICA'S FIRST PIGS (3 GOWS AND 2 BOARS) WERE LANDED BY HERNANDO DE SOTO AT GASPARILLA ISLAND, NEAR TAMPA, FLORIDA, ON MAY 25, 1539.

DUCKS BANDED IN SOUTH DAKOTA HAVE BEEN SHOT AS FAR AWAY AS ONTARIO, VENEZUELA, BRITISH WEST INDIES, COLUMBIA AND PANAMA.

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Percent Play Saves Trick

By OSWALD JACOBY

IN today's hand Marshall Miles covers an interesting duplicate situation. You are South and have made a sound non-vulnerable overcall. You now find yourself in four spades doubled. You are sure from the bidding that the ace of diamonds is held by East so you count two diamond and three club losers. If you also lose a trump trick you will be down 600 for a very bad duplicate score.

You also note that East and West will play some heart contract at most other tables and will be unable to make four hearts if each one holds two spades. Hence, the only chance

NORTH 10	
♠ J 7 6 4	
♥ J	
♦ K 9 7 5 4	
♣ 7 5 3	
WEST	
♠ 5	
♥ 7 6 5 4 2	
♦ 10 8	
♣ A J 10 9 4	
EAST (D)	
♠ Q 10 2	
♥ K Q 9 3	
♦ A Q J 6	
♣ K Q	
SOUTH	
♠ A K 9 8 3	
♥ A 10 8	
♦ 8 6 2	
♣ 7 5 3	
No one vulnerable	
East South West North	
1♥ 1♠ 4♥ 4♠	
Double Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♥4	

to get a decent duplicate score is to go down only two tricks against an uneven break in trumps.

If any one is going to hold three trumps it will be East. Then what is the best percentage play to keep from losing a trump trick?

The play is to get to dummy by ruffing a heart and to lead the spade jack. If this loses to a singleton queen you look like an idiot. If West's singleton is any one of the other three spades you lose no spade trick. You may have to go back to dummy again but there is an other heart to ruff and you have plenty of time.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
2♠ Pass 3♠ Pass
3NT Pass 4♠ Pass
5♣ Pass 6♣ Pass
6♣ Pass 7♣ Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A 2 ♣ Q 8 4 3 ♣ Q 8 5 ♣ K 2
What do you do?
A—Pass. Your partner has heard all your bids.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Instead of bidding six diamonds your partner has bid six no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

TARGET

How many words of four letters, or more, can you make from the letters in the word "TARGET"? The letters in the word "TARGET" are: T, A, R, G, E, T, A, R, G, E, T. No plural; no foreign words; no proper names. Words may be used twice only. Each word must contain the target letters in the center square, and there must be at least one letter in the first and last squares. No plural; no foreign words; no proper names. Words may be used twice only. Each word must contain the target letters in the center square, and there must be at least one letter in the first and last squares.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: A target word is a word which contains the letters in the word "TARGET" in the center square, and there must be at least one letter in the first and last squares. No plural; no foreign words; no proper names. Words may be used twice only. Each word must contain the target letters in the center square, and there must be at least one letter in the first and last squares.

Is this the real Shakespeare?



New discovery shows him as young man of good looks

by GRAHAM DARK

IT is an exciting thought, and, in the circumstances, a tantalising one: is this the real face of Shakespeare?

For if it is—and there is much to suggest so—then we have just lost the greatest of all Shakespeare finds.

A prize greater than a copy of the so rare "First Folio" edition printed soon after his death: a relic of the man around whom there are so many romances and mysteries.

It has been gently, deftly, snatched by a fast-moving, pleasantly unassuming American, Mr John Fleming.

Mr Fleming, rightly pleased with himself, flew out of London. With him: this portrait.

Younger

Shakespeare is undoubtedly la. And the face of a Shakespeare younger than any previously seen.

The important question is: when was it painted? Was it during his life, or after?

No life portrait of Shakespeare has ever been found.

There have been several portraits which have been runners. But no finishers. Gradually the supply of starters has dried up.

It seemed there was no possibility left that we would ever see the real face of the greatest dramatist of them all.

The sale

Then, a few weeks ago in Scotland, the past turned over. A collection begun well back in the last century came up for sale. It belonged to the late Mr B. B. MacGeorge, a fastidious picture collector.

The Shakespeare portrait was put in as Lot 72. With it went a remarkable letter by Charles Lamb of "Tales from Shakespeare" fame which tended to authenticate it.

The sale—at the Crown Hotel, in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow—was not an outstanding occasion. But it attracted Mr Julius Weitzner, a leading New York art dealer.

'Buy it'

Mr Weitzner was intrigued by the portrait. He telephoned Mr Fleming in New York.

Mr Fleming, one of the world's leading rare-book dealers and secretary of the Shakespeare

Association of America—said "Buy at any price."

A fortnight later Lot 72 was sold—for £160. And Mr Fleming flew to Britain.

Before he left London he talked about his buy.

The portrait is not finely painted—though that is not in its disfavour. It shows a man in his thirties, balding, but with fine arched eyebrows, slightly sensual lips, and a high forehead.

A handsome man, Mr Fleming, 47, nonchalantly knowledgeable and top of his trade, declared: "The possibilities of this being a contemporary portrait are very great."

These are the points he makes in the portrait's favour:

1 IDENTIFICATION: Only one authenticated portrait exists of Shakespeare. That is an engraving by Martin Droeshout. It was drawn seven years after Shakespeare's death. Its likeness was vouched for by Ben Jonson.

The newly found portrait—though of a younger man—is undoubtedly of the same man.

2 THE AGE. Whenever it was painted, the portrait is unique. For none other exists showing Shakespeare so young.

But if it was painted during his life—then it is of immense importance.



LOT 72... 'Knocked down' at modest £150

Mr Weitzner, a distinguished art expert, believes it could have been painted in the seventeenth century or a little earlier—and Shakespeare died in 1616.

Mr Weitzner's reasons: the canvas is old enough; the style of painting is right for the period.

3 ITS HISTORY. The Charles Lamb letter, written probably in 1822, gives a glimpse of the picture's history at that time when records are so few.

He tells how a man called Palma had just had supper with him. "He has picked up, I believe, an authentic portrait world's biggest Shakespeare library."

There it will be studied, tested, discussed. As yet there can be no certainty. But the possibilities are immense, exciting.

Lamb frankly discusses the possibility that it is a forgery. But he concludes: "I am confident no painter either side the Channel could have painted anything like the face I saw."

Though not alas, for Shakespeare's country.

This Funny World



"My Volkswagen is getting tight on me."

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marked on the rim of the dartboard. You have to find your way to the word.

RUPEE, in the middle of the circle, by rearranging all the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

1. The word may be an acronym of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Printing Caxton Canton Anton Anton Anton Stratford Shakespeare William Tell Tall Order Border Margia Arling.

7. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

8. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

9. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

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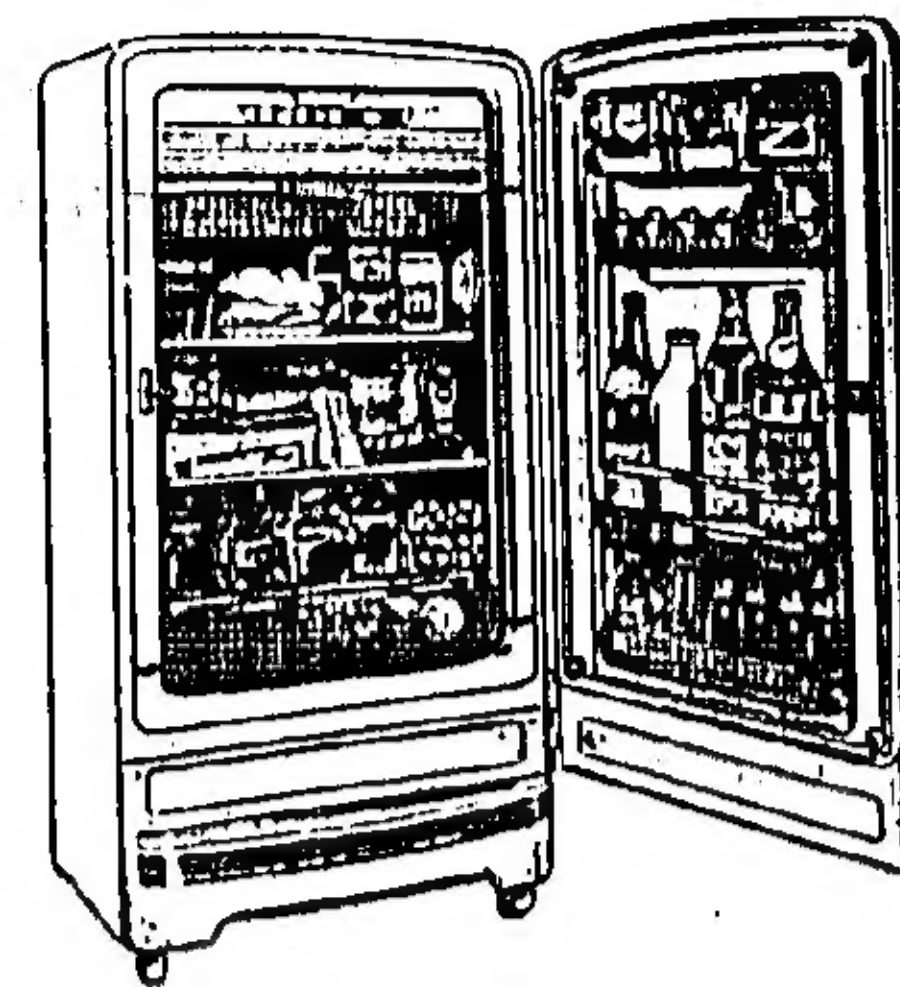
18. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

19. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.

20. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the subject of a book, play, or other composition.



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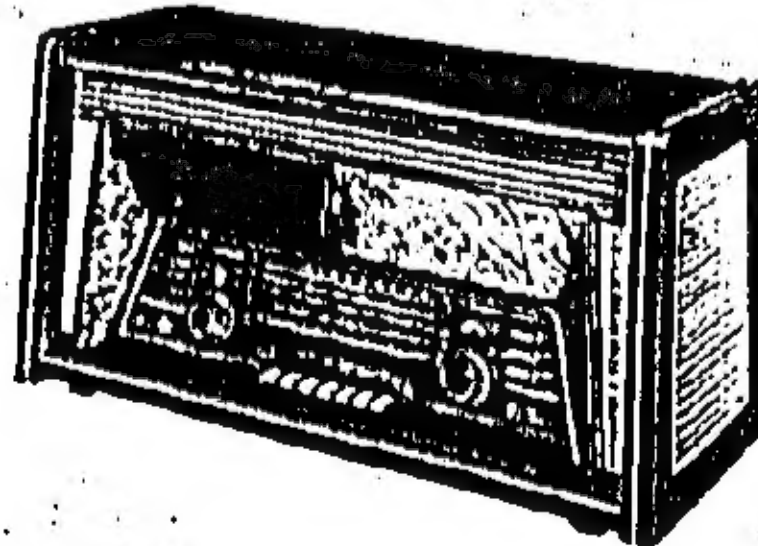
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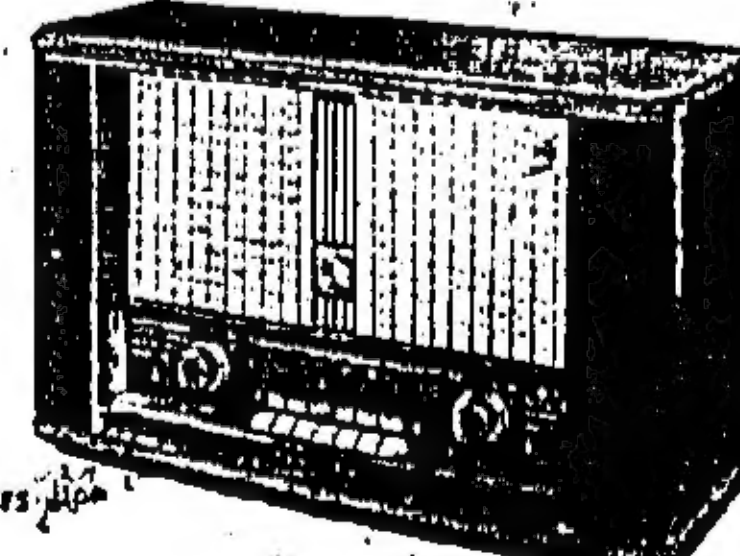
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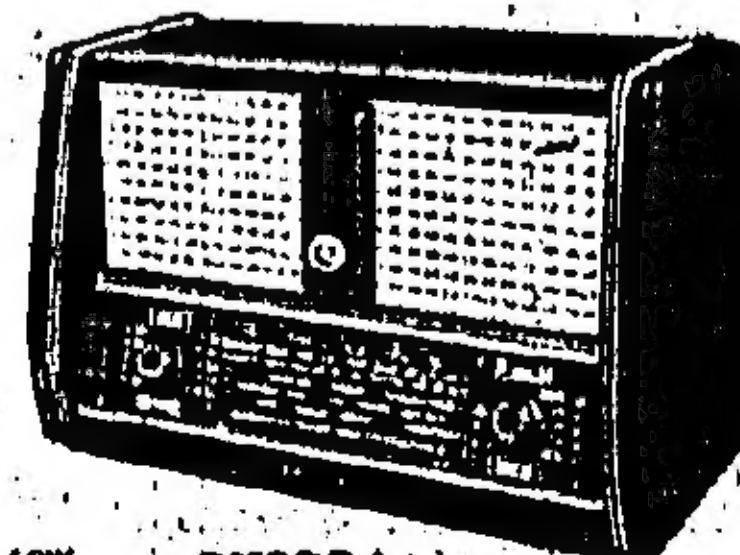
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DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT

They Battled Out Wimbledon's Longest Singles Match

By JOHN COTTRELL

It was almost nine o'clock. Shadows were lengthening over the deserted outer courts of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, where play had long since ended. But on that warm June evening of 1953, the great bowl of the famous Centre Court was still packed with 18,000 enthralled spectators.

And, no wonder. For the score board at that time read: J. Drobny v. B. Patty 8-6, 10-18, 3-6, 8-6, 6-8.

For almost four hours the crowd had been watching a fascinating duel in the sun between two of the greatest tennis artists of all time. They had seen the incredible Drobny save three match points in the fourth set. They had seen two supremely fit men fight on relentlessly until each step brought new pain to tired bodies.

It had become the longest, hardest-contested singles match in tennis history. But now, at last, the end seemed to be in sight. Drobny, the "Old Fox," was 15-40 down in the twelfth game of the fifth and final set.

Two more match points from Eugene Patty. Only a miracle could save Drobny.

Drobny to serve. The vast arena was silent. A good service, a brief exchange, a mighty smash by Drobny and it was 30-40. Another good service, a forced forehand error by Patty, and it was deuce.

Held Their Breath

But now Drobny dropped a vital point to give Patty his sixth match point. As he served again, the spectators held their breath. Could he escape once more?

A sizzling service ace gave them the answer. The "Old Fox" won that critical game. And so the struggle went on, game with service, until it was 10 games-all.

By now, after 81 games, it seemed that the match must be decided on stamina, rather than skill. Both players were desperately tired and suffering from cramp.

Drobny, 31 years old, kept his muscles working by sprinting

up and down the baseline between rallies and conserved his energy with salt tablets and glucose. Patty, 29, massaged his limbs between rallies, sipped brandy, took salt tablets and glucose, and squatted on the head of his racket at every opportunity.

Changed His Glasses

Towards the end of the marathon, Patty changed his dark glasses for a pair with clear lenses. Between them, they used up the water supply by the umpire's chair.

In the final set, Drobny twice appeared against the light, and



BUDGE PATTY

at 10 games-all the Championship Referee, Colonel John Legg, ruled that the match would be stopped for the day at 11 games-all.

But that score was never reached. Before then, Drobny snatched the initiative by breaking Patty's service, and holding his own service, went on to take the set 12-10. He won the match four hours and fifteen minutes after it began.

The two weary men made one more journey to the net to shake hands and the crowd stood and cheered them for a full five minutes.

Both had fought heroically. For while Drobny had saved six match points, Patty had made a magnificent recovery in that long second set. He had saved set points in the 20th and 31st games, and had taken the set 18-16 with a beautifully stroked cross-court backhand volley that even Drobny could only stand and admire.

How closely the match was contested is shown in the statistics. Drobny won 47 games, only one more than Patty. And Patty won 304 points, three more than Drobny.

Two Explanations

There are two explanations of this fantastic marathon. As old rivals, they had an intimate knowledge of each other's game, and they were extremely well-balanced with their opposite styles and temperaments.

American-born Patty was a tall, slim and elegant boulevardier from Paris, a devastating volleyer, and a right-handed stroke-player of magnificent finesse.

Czech-born, newly-wed, Drobny was squarely-built, bespectacled and left-handed, a power player, especially strong in service and forehand drive.

Moreover, both players were fanatically determined to win the Wimbledon singles title. Patty, 1950 champion, wanted to join the distinguished few who had twice achieved that honour. Drobny, beaten in the 1949 and 1952 Wimbledon finals, aimed to be second to none in 1953.

Ruined Their Chances

But the Drobny-Patty 83-game marathon—only third round singles match—ruined the chances of both men in the Coronation Year Wimbledon. It forced Drobny and Patty to drop out of the men's doubles in which they were partners, and Drobny was never fully fit again during the Championships.

For an hour after the match Drobny was rubbed by a masseur, and it was eleven o'clock before he was fit enough to leave the All-England Club. Next day he limped to victory against the Australian Rex Hartwig and later beat the Swede Sven Davidson.

But, despite an injection, his legs would not carry him fast enough against the young Dane, Kurt Nielsen, who gave him a 6-4, 6-3, 6-2, drubbing in the semi-final.

So Jaroslav Drobny, the Moravian carpenter's son, was thwarted once again in his ambition to win the singles title.



JAROSLAV DROBNY

But he had two consolation prizes.

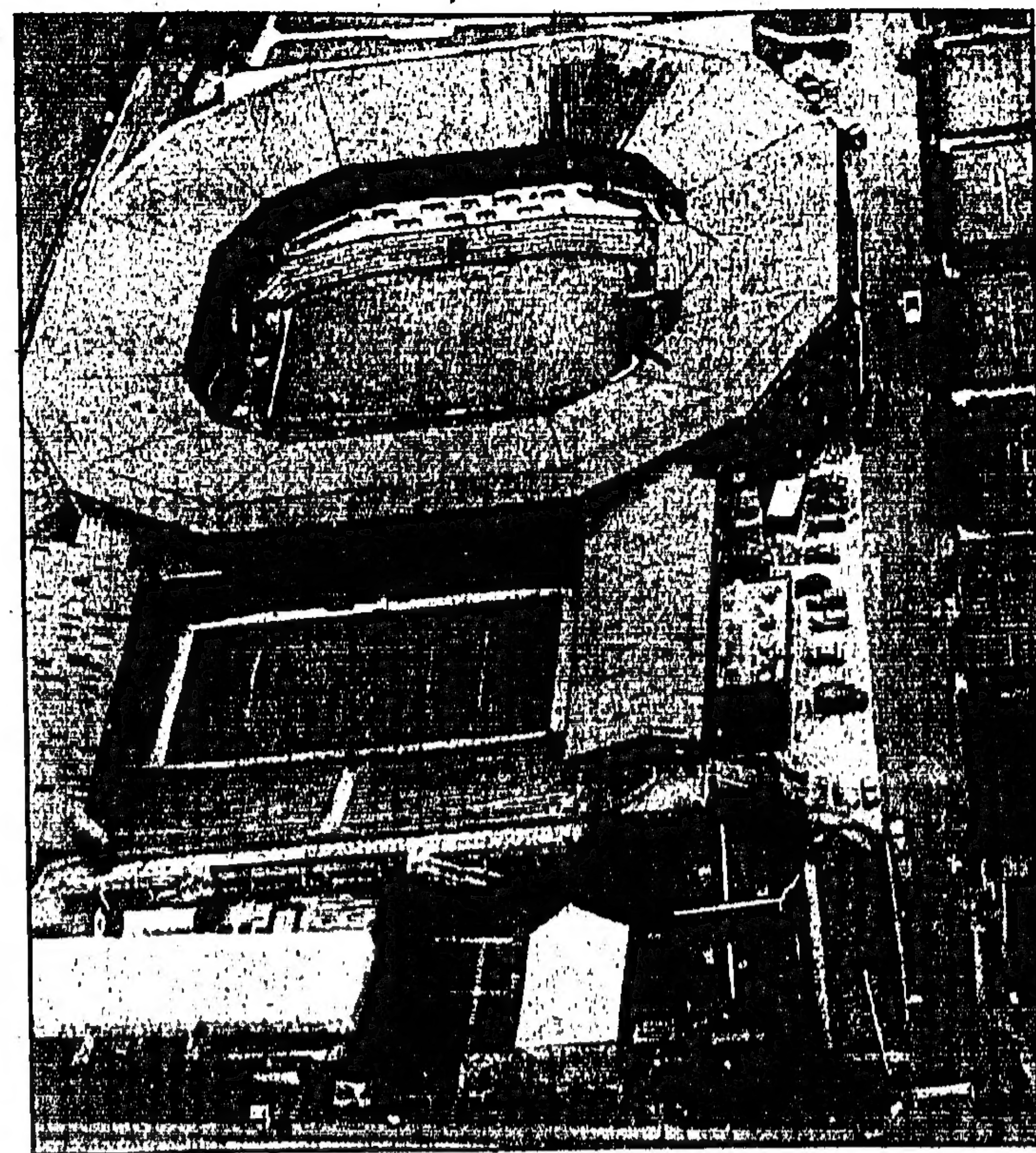
Consolation Prizes

The Duchess of Kent, as President of the All-England Club, presented Drobny a non-smoker and Patty with a silver cigarette case. And, soon after, Drobny received Home Office permission to reside permanently in Britain.

The Czech-born exile with Egyptian nationality stayed on to fight—and win—another day at Wimbledon. In the following year, Drobny, once ballboy to such stars as Cochet, Borotra, Perry, and Tilden, joined them as a Wimbledon champion.

Today, the Patty-Drobny duel still stands as the longest singles match in Wimbledon history. But 83 games is no longer a world record for a singles match.

In 1955, an indoor match at Lyons, France, went to 100 games. The players—Drobny and Patty. It ended in a draw.



For lawn tennis fans the end of June means just one thing — tennis at Wimbledon, battleground for the world's best amateur players.

Photo shows Wimbledon from the air, with the famed centre-court in the background. Desolate now, it will be filled with teeming thousands during the next week.—London Express Photo.

WIN-A-WIFE FIGHTER WORRIES LEVENE

Britain's well-known boxing promoter, Harry "The Horse" Levene, has been anxiously seeking advice about Jules Touan, an aggressive West African who is coming to England to meet world feather-weight champion Hogan Kid Bassey of Nigeria on June 24 in a non-title fight.

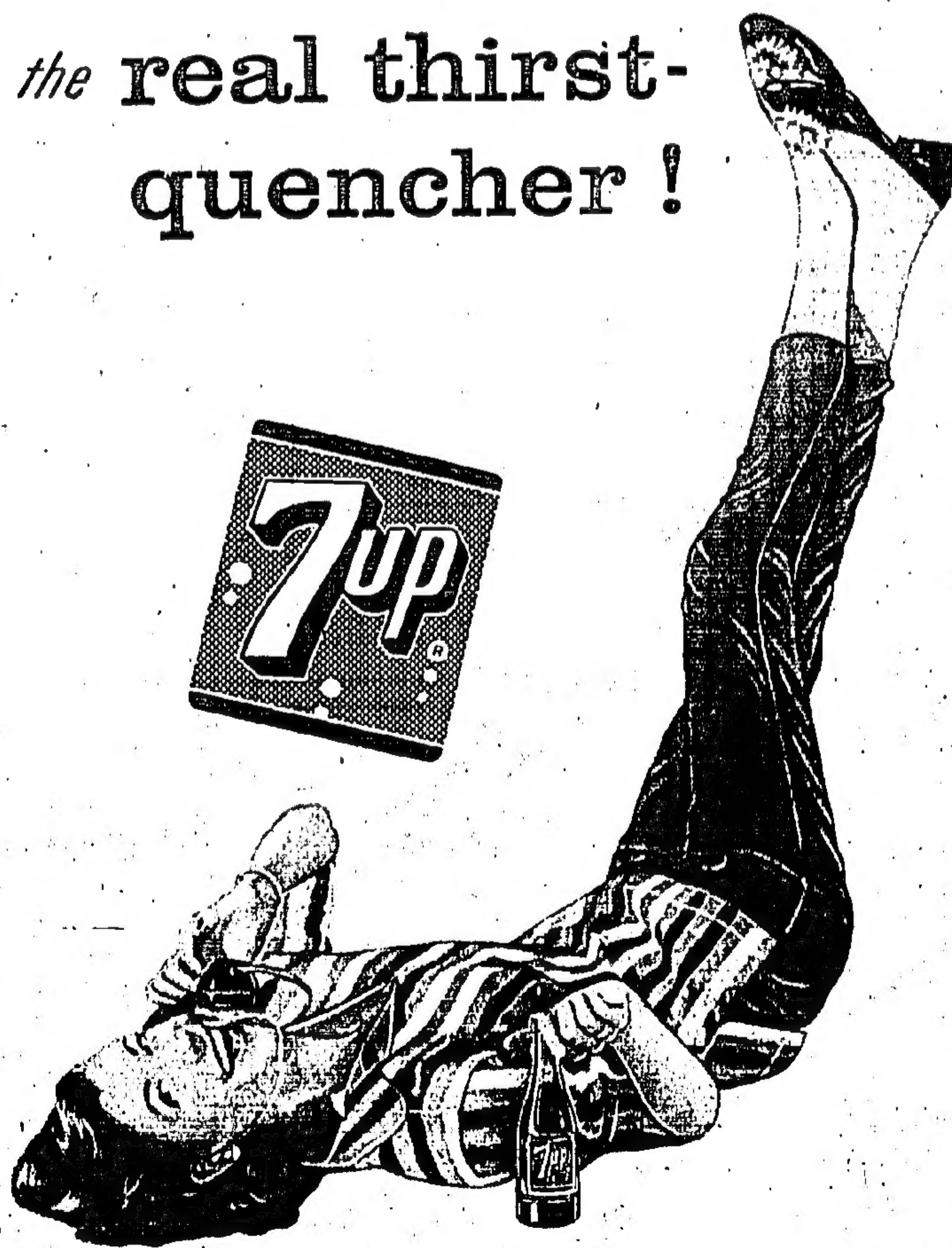
It appears that Touan buys himself a new wife whenever he wins a fight, which is very often indeed. So Touan has been told to leave his wives at home when he visits monogamous Britain.

His supporters' club will now consist of chieftains from around

the West Coast of Africa. There is a possibility that his village witch doctor will also join the party to boost the chances of Touan.

Big-hearted Levene says that if Touan wins he will offer Bassey £15,000 to defend his world title against Touan in England.

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Saturday Soccer Spot

Stop These Weak Excuses

**DEFEAT IS NOT THE END
IF THE RIGHT LESSONS
ARE LEARNED FROM IT**

By I. M. MACTAVISH

For my money football is the greatest game in the world. Maybe you agree and maybe you don't but I'm sure you will agree that the fans who follow its fortunes are a strange mixture of faith and fickleness.

Since Blackpool came here and chalked up double figures against the strongest side we could turn out all sorts of folks including some who should know better—have been spending their time finding plausible excuses for the Combined Chinese.

The old hardy annual that the Chinese players were betting on the result has of course been trotted out and it sounds even hollower now than it has ever done in the past. "What could you expect . . . Blackpool are professionals" is another typical spot of repartee that one hears regularly. "Our boys were tired after their great efforts at Tokyo" has also had a pretty good airing . . . and to all of them I say "Rubbish".

The local boys—and no one has a greater admiration for them than I—were swamped by a collection of "experts" who played too well for them, who played too fast for them, and, in a football sense, knew far too much for them.

There was no disgrace in being beaten by Blackpool in the fact they displayed in their second game here. The visitors were simply brilliant and all the threadbare straw-grasping excuses now being dragged out cannot change that; neither can they do our players any good. Sympathy is the last thing they need at this stage. Sound advice offered and accepted in the right spirit would do them much more good.

Let those who are belatedly trying to save face by concluding up, trivialities, remember that if Blackpool had put forward any pre-match alibi they would have sounded a lot more authentic than the weak and water post-mortem local stories we are now having to listen to in some quarters.

Hectic League

Blackpool had just finished a hectic League and Cup campaign of some FIFTY games played against top class opposition every week from August to May. They had just completed a long touring tour in Australia. When they got to Hongkong they had in fact been reduced in strength to 12 effective players. Not a single excuse came from the visitors and they set about the job in hand with characteristic professional efficiency. The result you all know.

The long established argument in Hongkong regarding the blindingly open shamateurism in our football makes a mockery of the first local excuse: the fact that our players have had a comparatively easy season and would have been away on a close season tour but for the Asian Games shows the real value of the remainder of the walling.

If we cannot accept defeat in international competition gracefully and without beating then it would be better if we stayed out of it. If we are only "happy warriors" when we win then there is little purpose in entering serious competition at all.

I can only hope that our players are looking at their heavy defeat in a more sensible way than some of the officials

with whom I have come in contact. Defeat is only as humiliating as you make it. It certainly is not the end of a soccer regime. In fact if our players have the wisdom to profit by their experience during the Blackpool visit it could be the start of a new era in which our players by application and emulation could at last fulfil their true potential.

The Mail Bag

The mail bag this week has been a very mixed affair and it seems that quite suddenly you good folks want to express your opinions on various local topics. These are indeed welcome and I am always happy to relay them to our other readers so that, if they like the discussion, they may join in.

One letter this week came from a well-known sportsman who is not at present actively connected with football but whose name stands for much in Hongkong's sporting circles.

He takes issue with me on my suggestion that Hongkong football would benefit at this stage from the services of a top class soccer coach—who should for preference have a sound reputation in the game.

In one part of his letter my correspondent says "I would suggest that while the players who play in this Colony would benefit from the advice of a first class coach HONGKONG itself would not of necessity benefit as many of the players would take the first opportunity of nipping off to play for other communities like Taiwan. I would suggest that the services of such a coach as you suggest should be confined to those players who have stated their willingness to represent Hongkong in representative competitions."

I need hardly tell you that while more reading of that extent will touch a few people on a tender spot, whether they like it or not, one has to admit there is more than just a morsel of good common sense behind it. Nevertheless, if my information is as sound and accurate as I think it is, the situation may not arise in future whereby players from Hongkong will be tempted away to represent another territory.

Don't, however, get the idea that Hongkong's is the only head in the amateur melting pot. Nothing could be further from the truth and I am told that

the Olympic Committee has some 12 dossiers on its table each—in varying form—containing allegations of professionalism or other equally disqualifying infringements of the amateur code . . . and that in every case football is the sport involved.

The rules of international competitions are the same for every sport on the programme of a particular meeting. The rules that applied to swimming and volleyball at Tokyo also applied to football . . . and those who know the inside happenings in the other two sports I have named will also know what I am getting at.

Strange Avenues

These are the strange avenues opened up by that interesting letter from a China Mail reader. It makes involved and complex reading . . . but it also gives a new slant to the suggestion that Hongkong should provide the best coaching facilities only for those players who have indicated their willingness to represent this Colony—in which most of them were born and wherein they earn their living—in future competition.

If you have further opinion on this subject, I would be very glad to hear them whether they are for or against the point of view put forward by the present writer to this newspaper.

Also tucked away in the corner of the post bag was a strange little note containing a small cutting from my article on June 2 regarding Blackpool's visit. It has been neatly decorated with that underlining where I said that unless Blackpool took the games here seriously and did not enter into them with a "village-green" attitude they might get the shock of their life. The correspondent has added in large red letters "What a Shock" and as there is no explanation of the cryptic message I leave it at that.

Nevertheless I would suggest to the anonymous gentleman that it is always dangerous to extract an item from a general text and present it in isolation . . . and he might find it interesting to compare what I wrote about the visit with the parting remarks of Mr. Eric Hayward, the tour manager. That would give a much better balanced appreciation of the situation.

Finally this week a brief word about our referees who did extremely well in the Blackpool

RECORD RUN



M. Weston sets up a British (All Comers) record by winning the ladies' 60 metres event in the time of 7.6 seconds during the annual match between Oxford-Cambridge and Cornell-Pennsylvania at White City last week.—Central Press Photo.

series and very correctly earned the approval of the visiting players' officials. Errors of judgment, and differences of opinion on a specific matter, are human failings but recently we have twice seen errors in the application of the laws of the game . . . and I suggest that something our officials must tighten up.

I have discussed this matter at great length with some of the top administration officials who were at Tokyo for the recent Asian Games and I can tell you now that, if any of the competing nations had raised the question of the eligibility of the Hongkong players who participated on behalf of Taiwan, it would almost certainly have been ruled that they did not comply with the rules laid down for the Games and were therefore ineligible. I am sure you that the whole question was exhaustively discussed in Tokyo and I understand that the Hongkong official was actually approached to raise a protest but that he refused to do so . . . on the grounds that any such protest must essentially come from the Hongkong Football Association.

Domicility Clause

There is a domicility clause in connection with representation in the Asian Games and not a single Taiwan player satisfied it and I am told that one visiting official in Tokyo suggested that if the players stated their continued desire to represent that territory then they should be advised by the appropriate committee of the games that they must go and live in the country for the appropriate qualifying period which incidentally is five years.

I repeat once again that I have absolutely nothing against the players concerned and I think it is right they should be able to exercise their freedom in this question of representative football PROVIDED THEY SATISFY THE ESSENTIAL RULES OF THE COMPETITION IN WHICH THEY PLAY.

However even this aspect may no longer be important for the powers-that-be are already

giving serious consideration to the elimination of soccer from the Olympic Games and it is the stated opinion of no less a person than Avery Brundage that 1960 may well be the last time that football will be included in the Olympic programme. If the appropriate Olympic Committee reaches such a decision then it seems only a matter of time before lesser meetings like the Asian Games for example—follow the lead.

Well Chewed

I know that this subject was well chewed over in Tokyo. Hongkong's name kept cropping up in the discussions both in regard to the accusations of professionalism which have been made against them, and in relation to the eligibility of Hongkong players, who have never lived in Taiwan, to play for that community in international football competitions.

The professional charge was not discussed officially because it was made to the authorities by an individual who holds no official position in the game. One voice—however well informed—needs the backing of an official governing body if it is to get its message over. This one lacked it and for the moment at least the matter rests. It will almost certainly be raised again through more influential channels.

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Low Hoad and Althea Gibson.
2. American.
3. Helen Wills-Moody—eight.
4. Jean Borotra, Reni Lacoste, Henri Cochet.
5. He won the first men's singles title, in 1877.
6. New York.
7. Louise Brough and Margaret du Pont.
8. Jaroslav Drobný, Kurt Nielsen and Ken Rosewall.
9. Maureen Connolly.
10. (a) Bill Tilden, (b) Jean Borotra, (c) Suzanne Lenglen.

Famous Sports Personalities I Have Met

Cyril Washbrook

By Archie Quick

A distinguished cricket career is drawing to a close. Rising forty-four, Lancashire's Cyril Washbrook realises that it is nearly time to call it a day. Still a technically correct bat, a recent series of low scores has forced upon him the conclusion that the high standard he once set himself is not now consistently attainable.

It was appropriate that I should see him but against Sussex at Hove, for it was against that county he made his first-class debut in 1933 with a 40 in the second innings at Old Trafford. Only 19, he got his first century in his next match—against Surrey.

The time came for his initial Test appearance in 1937, and then, inevitably, he and Hutton became the rightful successors to Hobbs and Sutcliffe. Sir Jack, by the way, was at Hove this week to see Cyril. Washbrook, too, became heir to Hobbs' cover-point position, and has been brilliant there for over two decades.

NEVER COACHED

Washbrook was a natural cricketer, and was never coached before he left his native Blackburn district to go to Old Trafford. The game was his destiny, and his unsmiling face on the field shows how deeply he takes his profession.

His £14,000 benefit (untaxed) in 1948 put in the ranks the totals raised for Hutton, Compton and Bedser, and later he became Lancashire's first professional captain.

He has also been honoured by the MCC by being elected a Test Match Selector. In that role he was placed in an individual position in 1956 for he was recalled to the England team against the Australians and right royally did he justify his own Committee's selection. He is, of course, still a Selector.

HOLDS RECORD

As a first wicket Test batsman he and Hutton put on 350 against South Africa at Johannesburg in 1948-9 and in Australia they had consecutive Test innings of 138, 137 and 100, followed by 158 and 129 at Leeds in the next series.

He also holds the first wicket record against the West Indies—with Reg Simpson—of 212 at Nottingham.

He and Winston Place put on 350 unbroken for Lancashire against Sussex at Manchester in 1947, and in his 75 first class centuries he has hit two each against Australia, the West Indies and the Gentlemen, and one against South Africa.

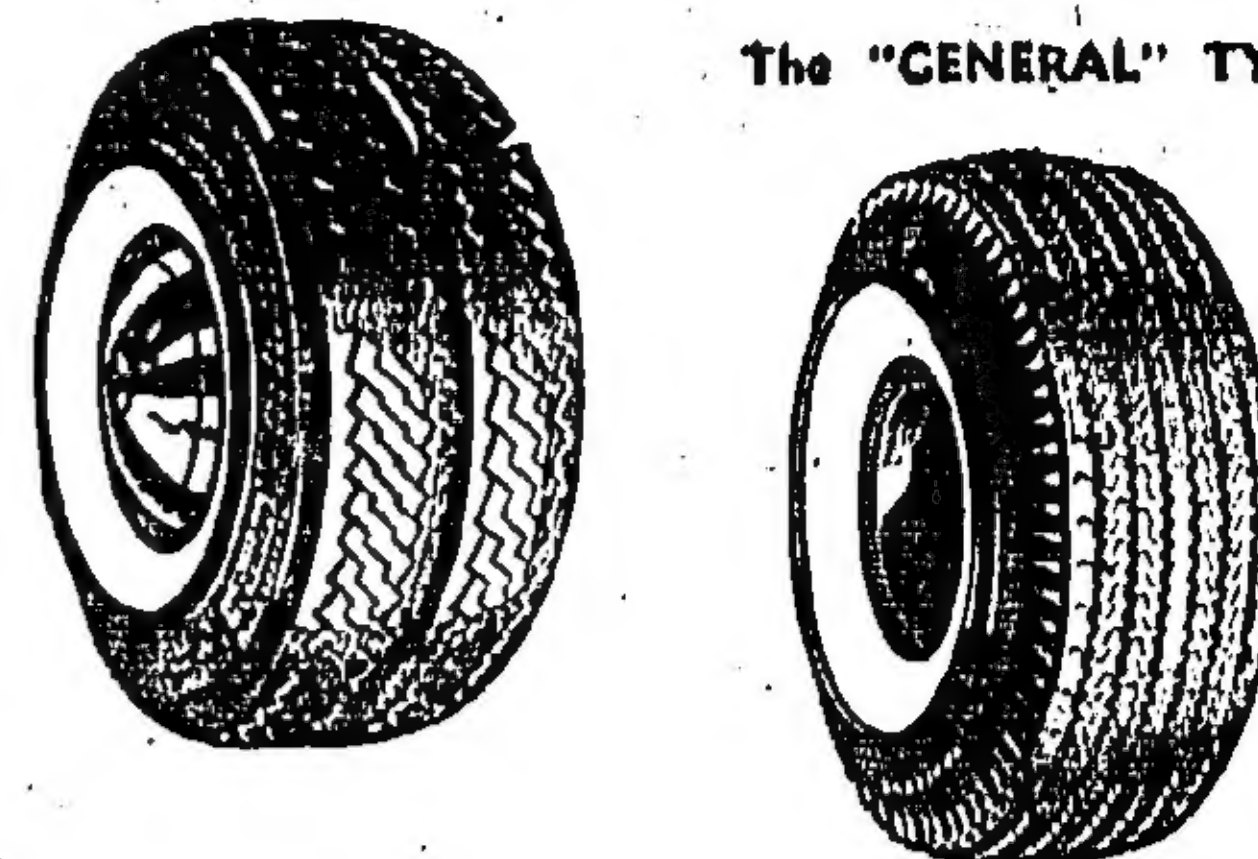
Of his 33,000 runs 2,570 were scored in Tests and he has reached 1,000 in a season on 19 occasions.

Now the sands are running out, but he has earned himself a place in the game's Hall of Fame since he left the Clitheroe and Bridgnorth Grammar Schools.

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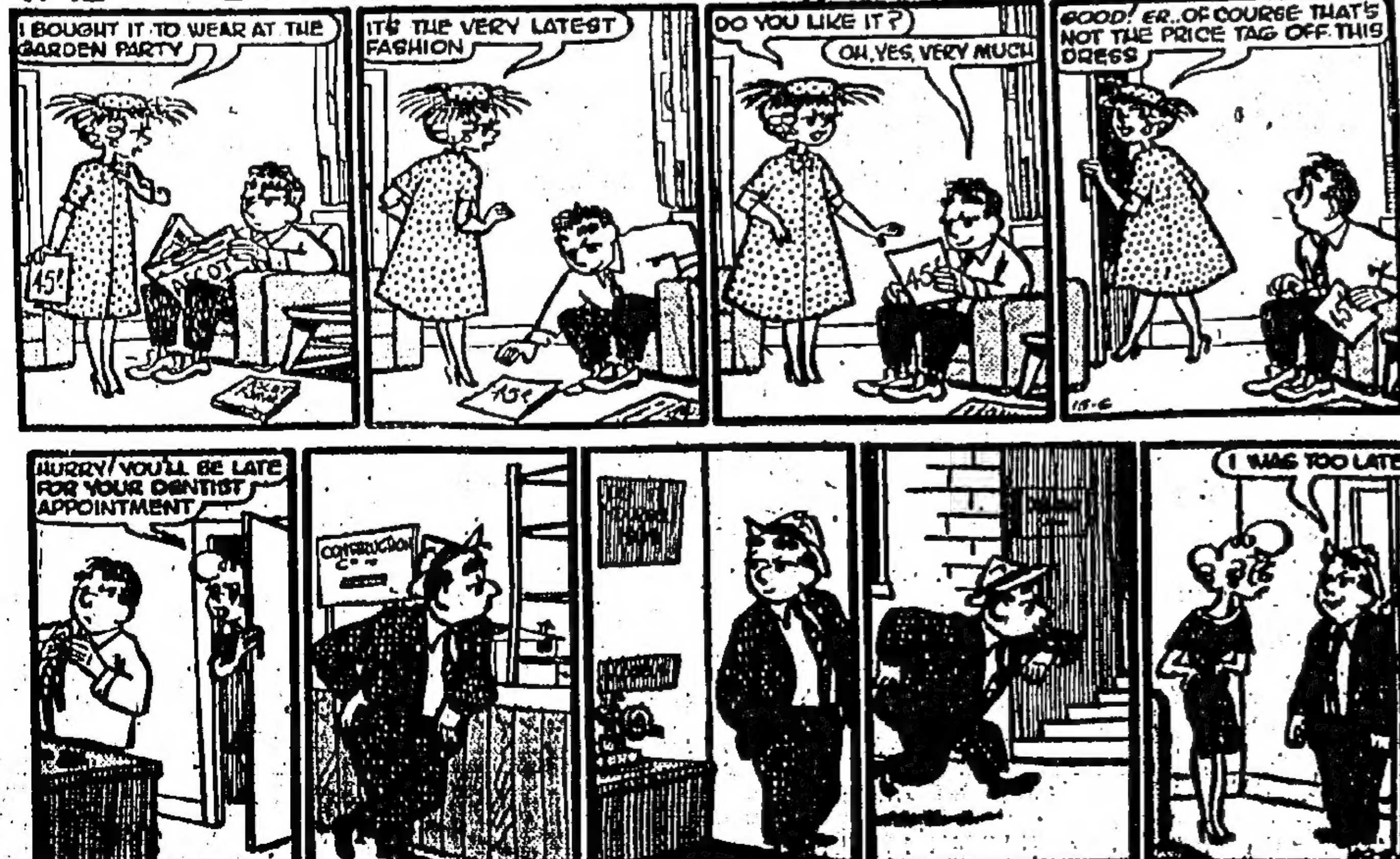
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